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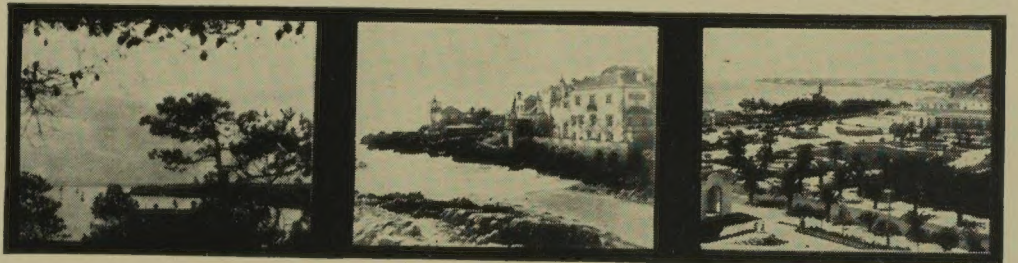
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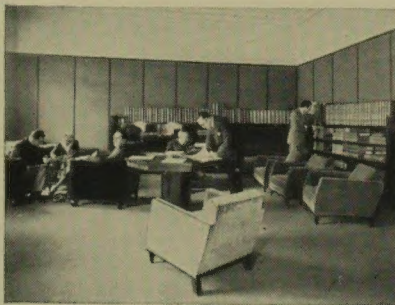
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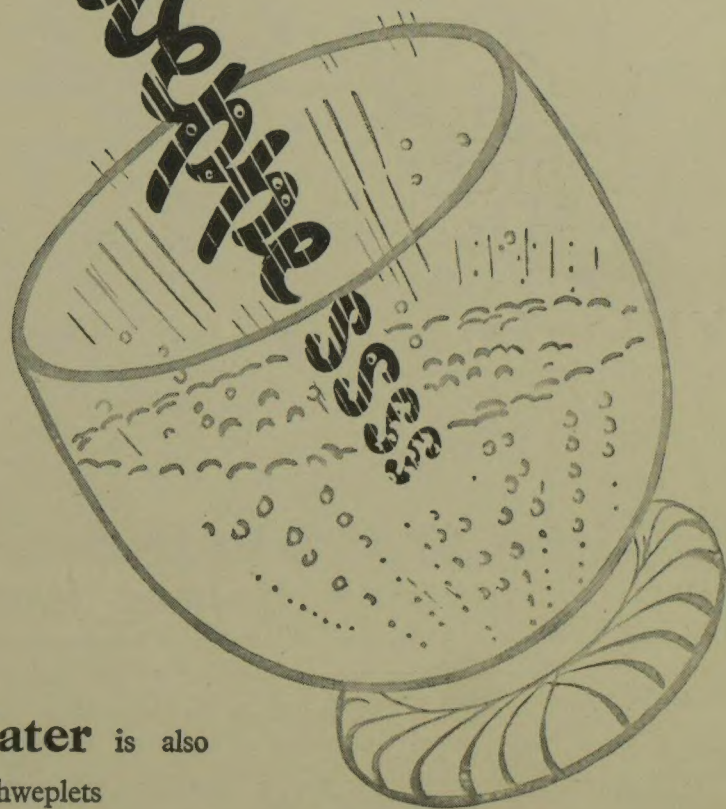
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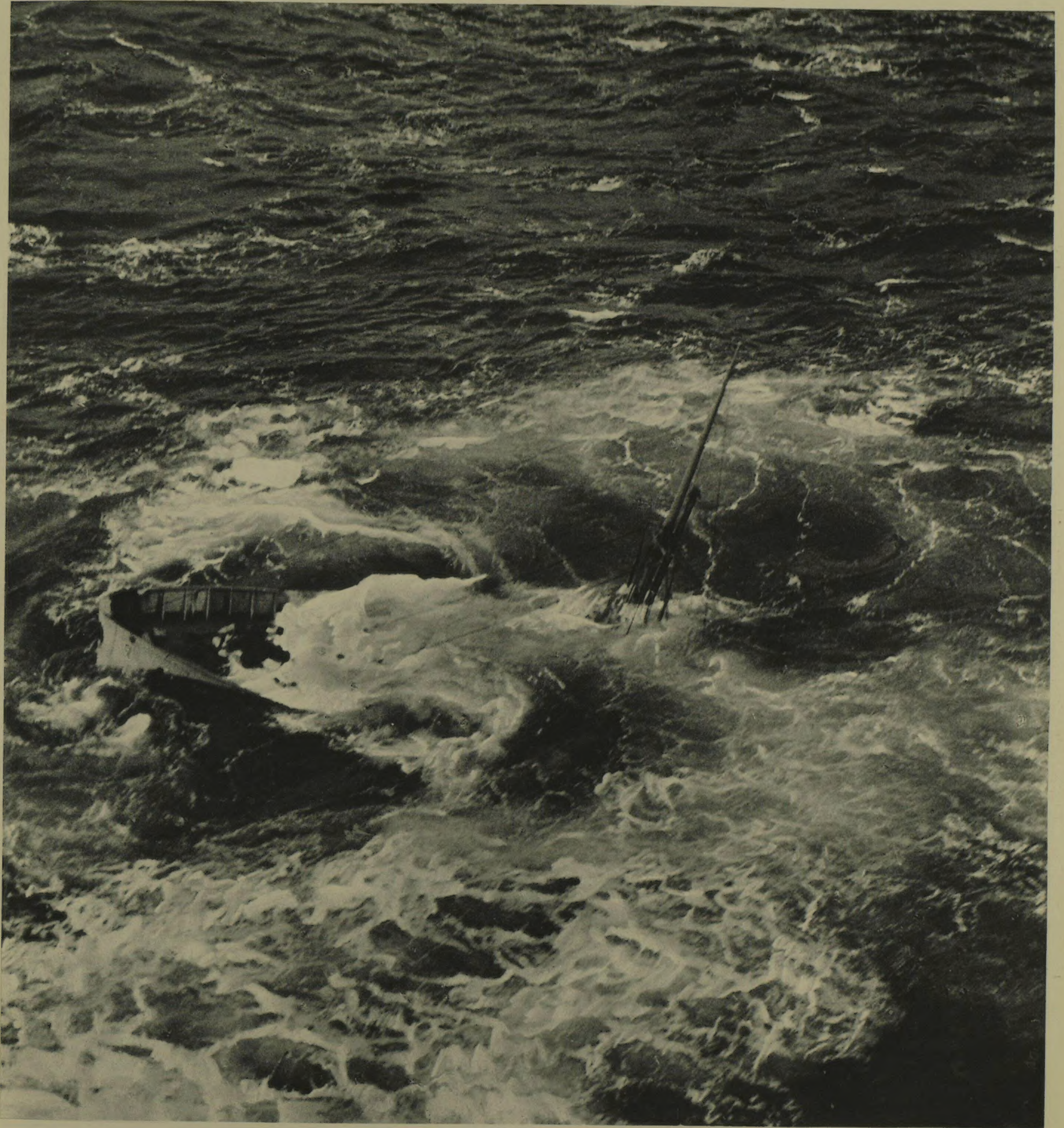
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1937.



A TRAGEDY OF THE STORMS—THE LAST OF THE "JOHANNA THORDEN."

The Finnish motor-ship "Johanna Thorden," of Helsingfors, struck a reef on the isle of Swona in the Pentland Firth, between the north of Scotland and the Orkneys. She was returning from her maiden voyage, and had left New York on New Year's Day bound for Gothenburg and other Swedish ports with a general cargo and motor-cars. After she struck two boats left the ship. The first contained twenty-five people, including two women and two children, but on the day after the disaster it was found washed ashore at Deerness, Orkney, with the bodies of three men close

by. The Thurso, Wick, and Long Hope lifeboats had made a long search for it in vain. The second boat left the wreck later, with the captain and twelve other members of the crew, and was driven on the rocks at South Ronaldshay and dashed to pieces. Eight of the men reached the shore safely, but the captain and four others were drowned. The loss of the "Johanna Thorden" was the fifth disaster off the British coasts in three days of storms. On January 15 further accidents occurred in a dense fog, and on the 17th an 80-m.p.h. gale in the Channel caused damage at Plymouth.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE B.B.C., that whipping-boy among our public institutions, is in trouble again. One of our daily contemporaries has attacked it under headlines of "Menace of Red Bias on the Radio." Sinister international conspirators of high brows and low morals and appalling politics are to be imagined as roaming its remote, airless galleries, and some brooding, Stalin-like presence poisoning its councils and pervading its pronouncements. "Pink Bolshevism," we are told, colours almost every activity of our State radio monopoly. "Hardly anything broadcast is free from suspicion—left-wingism is prevalent in the B.B.C. interpretation of news, it is common in 'talks,' and raises its head in addresses to school children. It has been known to obtrude in entertainment."

In all this, of course, there may well be a good deal of truth; the B.B.C. does, from time to time, and as I think unavoidably, show a certain amount of bias, and that bias is nearly always to the left rather than the right. But I doubt if this is a symptom of any deliberate intention on the part of the B.B.C.'s admirable and high-intentioned staff. It is merely symptomatic of an attitude of mind that is widespread among our ruling classes, and particularly among those who have received a prolonged and expensive education. In the view of such, to express any view that might be taken as being a denial of the infallibility of the common people, as viewed in the abstract mass, is a crime almost equivalent to high treason. It is worse: it is dangerous.

This fear of the populace, and subservience to what are believed to be its views and prejudices, enters into almost every aspect of modern British political life. To call a man a Fascist is to damn him in the eyes of all educated and intelligent persons, for the "common people" are supposed to detest Fascism as being something desirous of enslaving, torturing and subjugating them. It is like having called a man a priest or a Jesuit in the seventeenth century: it labels him at once as a monster beyond the pale of human charity or toleration. In intellectual or academic circles such an accusation, if widely believed, might even in these enlightened days be enough to prevent a man from pursuing his professional career. There is not the least doubt that in many branches of our learned professions it is a distinct disability to-day to possess views of even a moderate right-wing complexion. They are held to mark a man as a fool or else a knave, or perhaps both. Equally it is a great advantage to be known to have strong left-wing sympathies. They prove a well-bred man of comfortable environment to have heart, broad liberal views, and a comprehensive, sympathetic intelligence.

This theory of democracy, as has been well said, is nothing more nor less than the theory of the Divine Right of Kings standing on its head. The people in

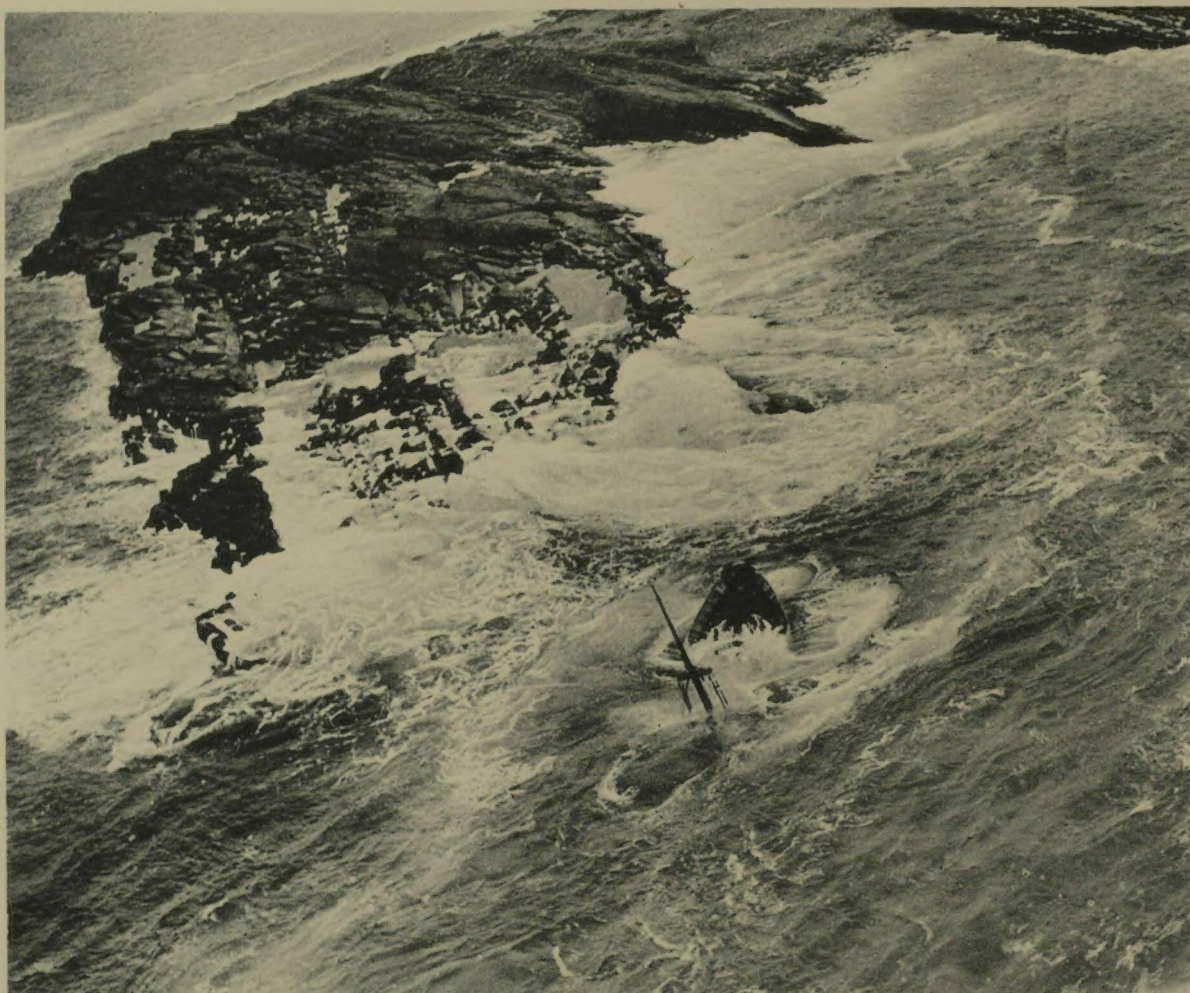
the mass is invested with an almost mystical attribute of righteousness and infallibility. The people with a big P can do no wrong. The poorer and more depressed any particular section of the people, the less it can err in theory. This does not necessarily mean that the individual rich man treats the individual poor man with any especial reverence or kindness. It only implies that so long as the opinion or the need of the poor can be presented as a mass opinion or mass need, it will be accorded a deference that can only be described as sycophantic. For in other and purely personal relationships I doubt whether at any period in this country's history has a certain type of privileged being treated his poorer neighbour with greater contempt and arrogance. Under our

are duly observed—but they meet on no others. A rich man is born, bred, and lives in a quarter of the town where only rich men and their families live, he goes to a preparatory and public school where only rich men's sons go, and he later enters the higher branches of a profession—business, the Civil Service, the Army—staffed almost exclusively by people of the same sort as himself. Even in his sports—in the past the eternal meeting-ground of Englishmen of every class—he mixes only with his fellows. If he watches racing, football or cricket, he watches it from a rich man's enclosure. If he plays golf or tennis, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he plays it in the exclusive company of his kind. Even in the countryside, where once the children of rich

and poor, privileged and menial, grew up together in a rough, give-and-take community, nothing but the shadow of our old social democracy remains. Only in village cricket matches of the more primitive kind do a rich man and a poor man really mingle for a few hours on anything approaching equality—the kind of equality, for instance, which men, officers and privates alike, enjoyed during the war in the face of the enemy. By equality I mean the unequivocal recognition that in those matters which are not governed by formal considerations of status, a man is to be weighed against his fellows on his merits and his merits alone. A selfish innings, a dropped catch, or slackness in the field are measures between man and man which are not to be effected by questions of gentility. My great predecessor in this page once pointed out that the man who knocks down his butler is performing a democratic action; he is recognising the butler's right to be treated as a man, and inviting him to knock him down if he can in his turn. Rich men do not nowadays knock down their butlers, for they do not really regard their butlers as human beings. They view

them as automata, and are even a little afraid of them.

For this segregation of the classes in their real and social relationships breeds an extraordinary timorousness on the part of the governing section of the community towards the general mass in whom voting power and ultimate physical power reside. The people are coming to be viewed, not as a number of real individuals, with the failings and errors of human beings, but as a mysterious abstraction to which perpetual deference has to be paid. Eton and Balliol is grown so scared of Senior Elementary and Borsal that it has to placate it by genuflections. Modern democratic government is showing signs of degenerating into a temple to an unknown god, to whom, in return for the loaves and fishes, the priesthood of wealth and privilege offers the oblation of ceaseless and sycophantic "left-wing" sentiments. The danger is that, unless this process be checked, it will undermine the foundations of democracy itself, since it implies a distrust both of ruling and of the plain man for whose benefit, in the last resort, all government exists.



WHAT IT MEANS TO STRIKE ROCKS IN A STORM: A DRAMATIC AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "JOHANNA THORDEN," ON A REEF OF SWONA, AN ISLE NEAR THE ORKNEYS—ONE OF MANY RECENT SEA TRAGEDIES IN BRITISH WATERS. The tragic loss of the "Johanna Thorden" is described under another air photograph of the wreck on our front page, where it is noted that during the gales then raging around Britain four other sea disasters occurred. The above photograph shows the remains of the ship from a different angle, with the reef on which she was dashed. The wireless operator, who was among the eight survivors, stated afterwards: "For five days and nights we had been fighting terrible weather. This morning we struck the island of Swona. Soon afterwards the foremast fell, and the aerials came down. I could not send an S.O.S. An hour after the first boat left we got away in the second boat, thirteen of us altogether. We set a small sail and it was five hours before we saw land. . . . Ten minutes after we pushed off I saw the ship break in two and sink. It was blowing a hurricane." Thirty lives altogether were lost in this wreck.

limited liability, get-rich-by-stealth, paper credit scheme of civilisation a great gulf is fixed between the individual rich and the individual poor—greater than the gulf between Dives and Lazarus in the world to come. And in this, I think, lies the real clue to the exaggerated deference, generally disguised as benevolence and warmth of sympathy, which the ruling classes to-day pay to the least intelligent opinions and most ignorant prejudices of those whom they govern and all too often exploit. For there is no exploitation more terrible in its results than that which flatters the ignoble in man. It is like the exploitation of the Gadarene swine by the spirit which led them headlong over the cliff of destruction.

For the rich are divided to-day from the poor in a way that they have never before been in this democratic land. A rich man and a poor man are almost entirely without real social and personal contact. They meet on formal occasions—at welfare centres, political gatherings, servants' balls, and such-like functions, when the external semblances of democracy

THE FIRST BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT CAIRO: IMPLEMENTING THE NEW TREATY.

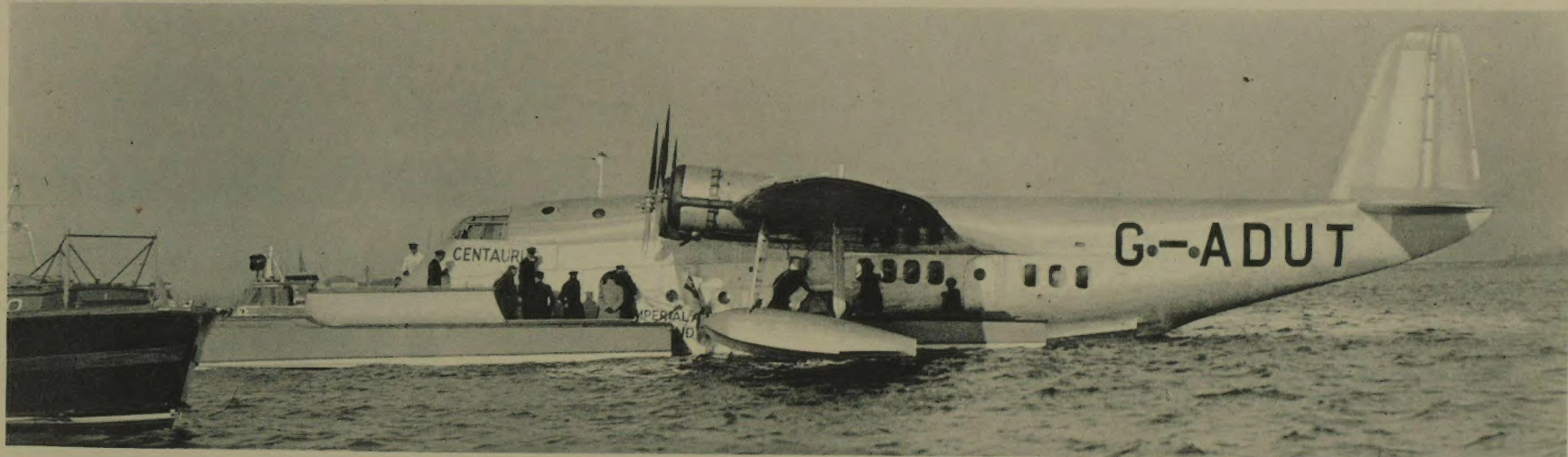


"A STEP TOWARDS THE CREATION OF A CLOSE AND ENDURING PARTNERSHIP" BETWEEN BRITAIN AND EGYPT: SIR MILES LAMPSON, THE NEW AMBASSADOR, DRIVING THROUGH CAIRO WITH AN IMPRESSIVE ESCORT TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS AT THE ABDIN PALACE.

For the first time in history, a British Ambassador presented his letters of credence at the Egyptian court, when, on January 12, Sir Miles Lampson drove to the Abdin Palace and was received by the Council of Regency. Sir Miles, and the whole Embassy staff, drove in three State coaches and two limousines, escorted by a troop of the Egyptian Royal Guard. The Ambassador

described the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty as a step towards the creation of a close and enduring partnership between two peoples linked by Providence in a bond of common interest. Sir Miles Lampson, was, of course, High Commissioner in Egypt before the signing of the Treaty. He took up this office in 1934. He was previously British Minister to China.

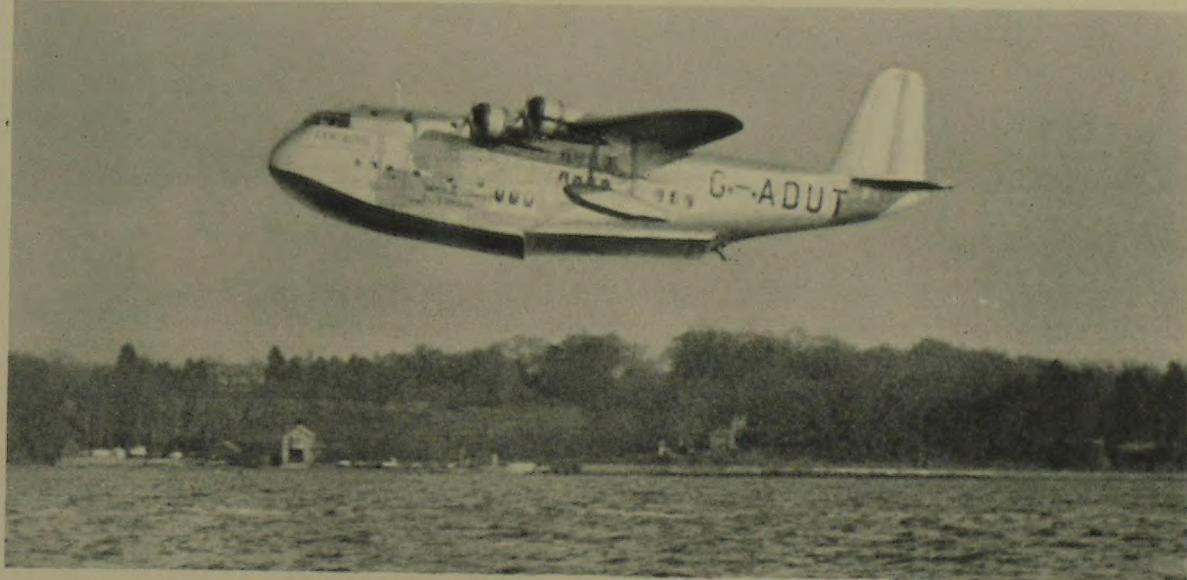
FLYING DIRECT TO THE EAST: THE "CENTAURUS" STARTS FROM SOUTHAMPTON.



ELIMINATING THE OVERLAND TRAIN JOURNEYS ON IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' ROUTE TO THE EAST: THE "CENTAURUS," ONE OF THE BIG NEW FLYING-BOATS, PREPARING TO START ON THE NON-STOP SOUTHAMPTON-MARSEILLES STAGE.



AIR MAIL FOR THE EAST AT SOUTHAMPTON: THE "CENTAURUS" WEIGHTY FREIGHT.



SOUTHAMPTON'S NEW RÔLE AS AIR-PORT FOR THE EAST: THE "CENTAURUS" LEAVING THE WATER ON HER EXPERIMENTAL 620-MILE OVERLAND "HOP" TO MARSEILLES.

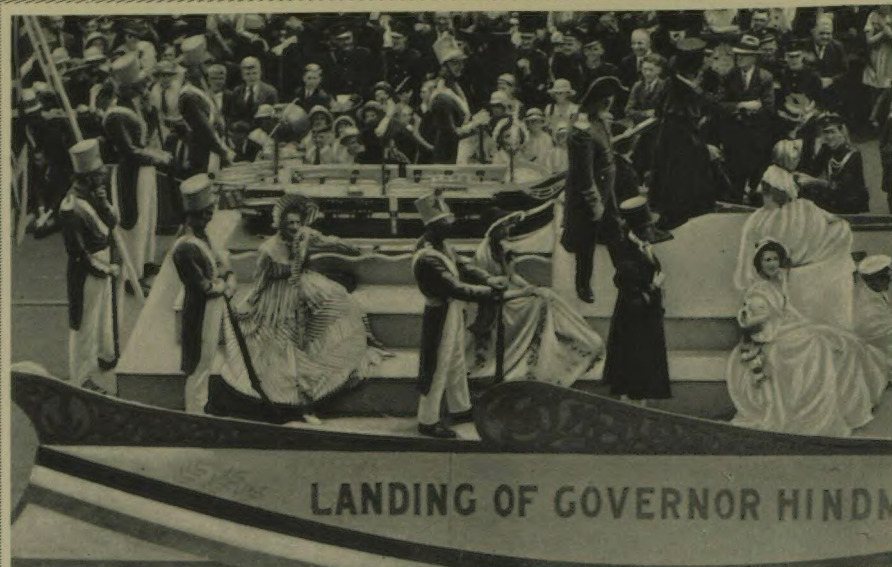
The "Centaurus," one of the big new Imperial Airways flying boats, left Southampton on January 16 to fly direct to the East via Marseilles, Brindisi and Alexandria. This marks a further stage in the elimination of the train journeys on the Imperial Airways route. The "Centaurus" had previously flown back from Alexandria, stopping at Brindisi and Marseilles. A

train journey to Brindisi is still included in a certain proportion of Imperial Airways flights, and a train journey between Paris-Marseilles in others. However, it is hoped to eliminate both these "land-links" in the near future, and make the journey entirely by air. The Southampton-Marseilles stage is 620 miles long.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA CELEBRATES A CENTENARY OF PROGRESS: THE BRILLIANT PAGEANT AT ADELAIDE.



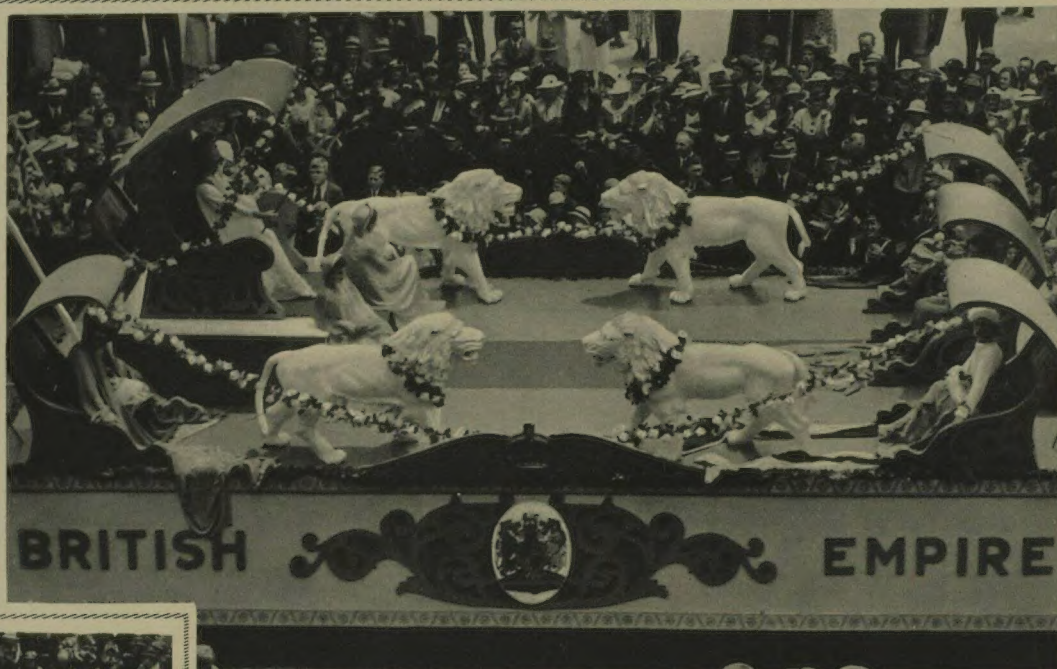
ADELAIDE CELEBRATES THE CENTENARY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA WITH A "PAGEANT OF PROGRESS": A FLOAT REPRESENTING THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS.



THE BEGINNING OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S IMPERIAL CAREER: A FLOAT REPRESENTING THE LANDING OF THE FIRST GOVERNOR IN 1836.

A GREAT Pageant of Progress took place in Adelaide in celebration of the centenary of South Australia. The Pageant was watched by a crowd of about 250,000, which is only 50,000 under the city's total population. The hundred years of South Australian history were portrayed in a series of mobile tableaux which took an hour to pass in procession. A visiting squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force flew overhead. The procession was headed by a Naval officer representing Captain Cook and by detachments of sailors in early uniforms, and models

[Continued below on right.]



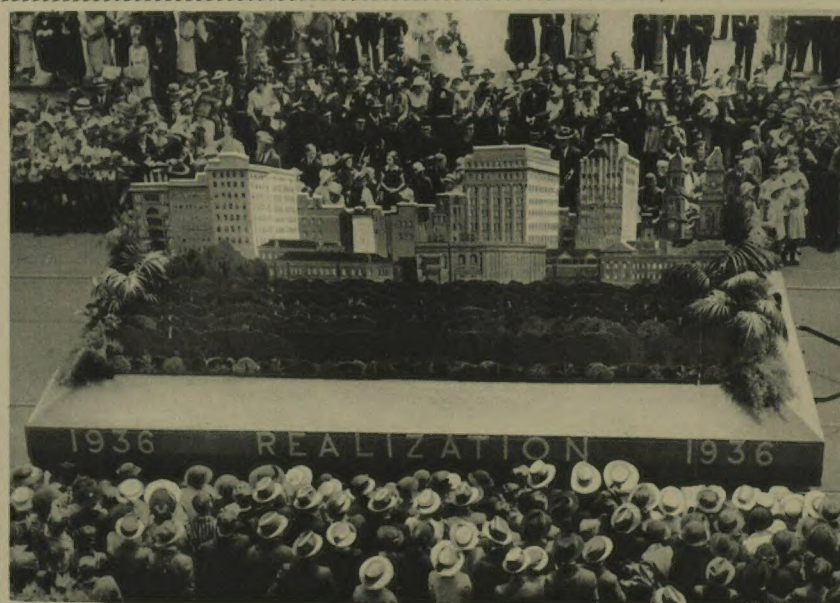
A MAGNIFICENT EMBLEM OF SOUTH AUSTRALIAN PATRIOTISM: THE BRITISH EMPIRE FLOAT; SYMBOLISING THE MOTHER COUNTRY AND THE DOMINIONS.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE: AN OCCASION OF REJOICING THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE PRESENTED BY A FLOAT WITH CONTEMPORARY COSTUMES.



"CONCEPTION": A FLOAT PRESENTING THE FIRST MEETING OF THE COLONISATION COMMISSIONERS IN THE ADELPHI, LONDON, IN MAY 1835.

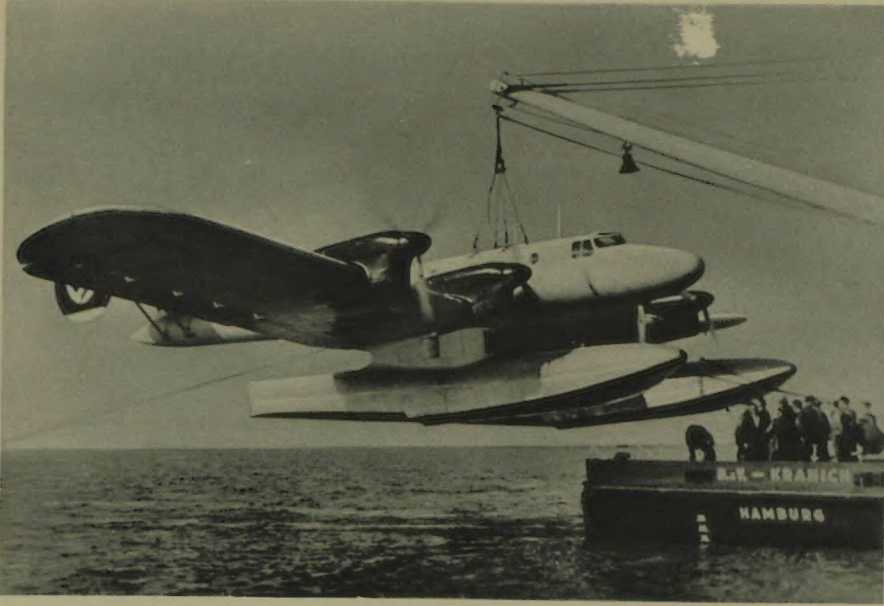


"REALIZATION": A FLOAT ILLUSTRATING SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S ACHIEVEMENT IN A HUNDRED YEARS BY THE LOFTY SKYLINE OF MODERN ADELAIDE.

[Continued.]

of famous Australian warships. Then followed detachments of soldiers in uniforms of various periods. Then came the tableaux, which portrayed practically every important development in the history of the State. In addition to this, science, industry, transport, communication and public welfare were represented. The Procession marched past the Governor (Sir Winston Dugan) and Lady Dugan, with whom were Sir Edward Harding (the Permanent Under-Secretary for the Dominions), Lord Hartington (Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Dominions), Mr. Butler (the Premier), Mr. Kenneth Lindsay (Civil Lord of the Admiralty), Mr. Tom Smith, the British M.P., and representatives from Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, India, and other countries of the Empire.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.



GERMANY'S FORMIDABLE EFFORT TO BE FIRST IN THE TRANSATLANTIC AIR SERVICE: A NEW LONG-DISTANCE SEAPLANE LAUNCHED AT HAMBURG.

Germany's latest Transatlantic aeroplane, the "Ha 139," underwent trials recently on the Elbe River. It was built by the Hamburger Flugzeugbau, a daughter-concern of the famous Blohm and Voss shipyards, for the Luft Hansa. The machine, unlike those which made test services across the Atlantic for Luft Hansa last year, is supported on floats. It has four 600-h.p. "Jumo 205" Diesel motors. Its weight is over 15½ tons. Its top speed is 186 m.p.h., and its range is 3100 miles.



NOT THE MISSISSIPPI, BUT THE MEDITERRANEAN!—A REMARKABLE FLOOD-SCENE IN TEL-AVIV, ON THE PALESTINE COAST, INVADDED BY THE SEA DURING A STORM, AND REMINISCENT OF AN AMERICAN TOWN AFTER THE BREAKING OF A LEVEE.



THE FIRST HABITAT GROUP OF A RARE CANADIAN ANIMAL—IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, OTTAWA: A COMPLETELY REALISTIC SCENE OF A FAMILY OF "WOOD BISON" (A VARIETY OF THE PLAINS BISON) ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

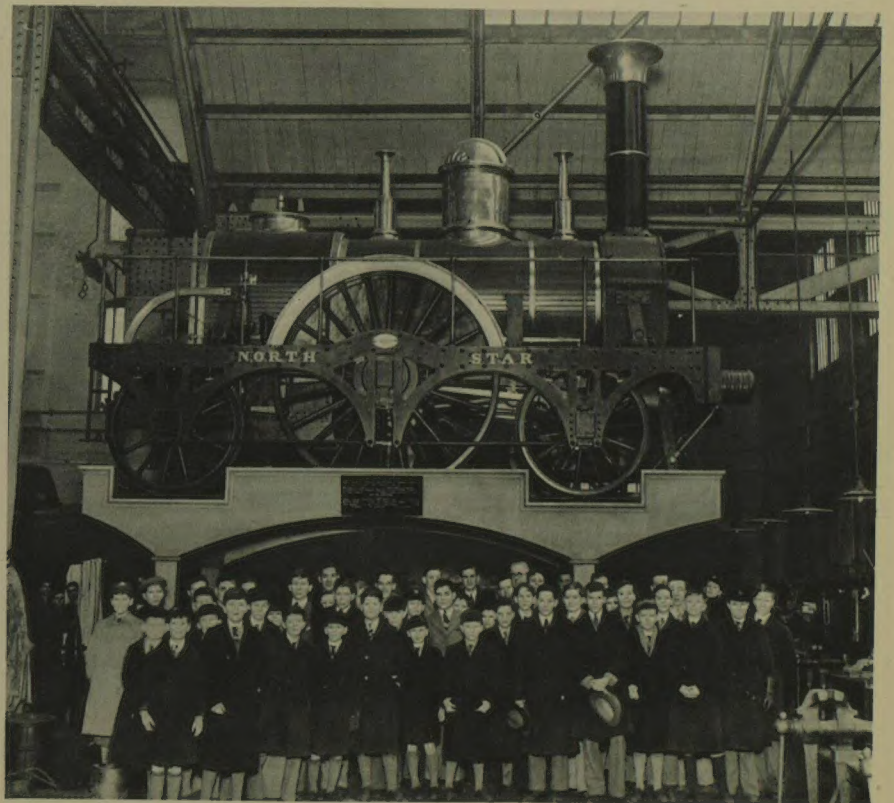
This fine habitat group, the first to be made of the "wood bison," cost over £4000 to construct, and is the gift of Mr. Harry Snyder, of Chicago, a noted big game hunter, to Canada's National Museum at Ottawa. The wood bison may be regarded as the first stages in the branching off of a new species from the common stock of the plains bison. At present it is no more than a variety, specially adapted to life in the heavily wooded northern areas round Slave Lake. It is larger and darker

than the typical plains bison and has a denser, silkier coat, and the horns are longer and more slender. Rigidly protected by the Canadian Government, the herd is now thought to number some 5000 animals. The greatest care was taken in constructing the above group, photographs and cinematograph films being used to ensure absolute accuracy in the setting and the poses.—[Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of the National Museum of Canada, Ottawa.]



THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST STREET ACCIDENTS: ONE OF THE NEW COLOURED PEDESTRIAN-CROSSINGS IN WANDSWORTH; PAINTED WHITE, YELLOW, OR RED TO INDICATE SUCCESSIVE DEGREES OF DANGER.

A correspondent writes: "Wandsworth, which for some time has had one of the heaviest road death-rates in London, is trying to make 'Belisha' crossings more effective. The road between the beacons is being painted in colour, white indicating a moderately dangerous crossing, yellow one where accidents are not uncommon, and red a very dangerous spot. Seven crossings are to be thus treated."



A POPULAR EXCURSION WITH SCHOOLBOYS: A PARTY PHOTOGRAPHED, WHILE VISITING THE GREAT WESTERN WORKS AT SWINDON, BELOW THE "NORTH STAR," ONE OF THE EARLY BROAD-GAUGE LOCOMOTIVES, CAPABLE OF THE SURPRISING SPEED OF 78 M.P.H.

MALAGA UNDER BOMBARDMENT: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BIG AERIAL ATTACK BY GENERAL FRANCO.



MALAGA PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE BOMBS FROM GENERAL FRANCO'S AEROPLANES WERE EXPLODING IN THE STREETS.



VIEWS TAKEN FROM THE SEAWARD; SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL CONSPICUOUS AMID THE SMOKE OF BURSTING BOMBS.



THE EFFECTS OF A DAYLIGHT AIR-RAID ON A POPULOUS MODERN CITY: FIRES BURNING FIERCELY IN MALAGA

We reproduce here four remarkable photographs which have just reached us. They were taken during the very severe air-raid on Malaga carried out by bombers of General Franco's forces on the evening of the second day of 1937. This was described as the worst raid the city had suffered. (Previous raids

were illustrated by us—notably in our issue of October 31 last.) A "Times" correspondent thus described the attack: "Nine aeroplanes appeared suddenly over the city from the direction of Seville and bombed the harbour, moles, and warehouses and part of the centre of the city. Extensive damage was done



AFTER THE RAID EARLY IN THIS MONTH, WHICH CAUSED VERY HEAVY DAMAGE AND NUMEROUS CASUALTIES.

in the Calle Barroso, in which is the local branch of the Bank of Spain, the Calle Lario, the Calle de Granada, and the Plaza de la Constitucion. There were many casualties, and it is reported that over 100 prisoners held by the Government at Malaga were shot as a reprisal." The correspondent added that

the Bank of Spain was badly damaged. Malaga was again bombed on January 14, at the time of the insurgent attack on Estepona. As we write, Malaga is being threatened by the advance of General Franco's troops from the Westward. Estepona has fallen; and Mirbella is also reported to have been taken.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN more ways than one, the Churches have been involved in recent affairs, both here and abroad, especially in Germany and Spain, and before that in connection with Abyssinia, while ever since 1914 their attitude to questions of war and peace has been widely discussed. Only a few weeks ago, for instance, I listened to one of a series of broadcast talks under the general title, "What is the Church for?", and on that occasion the interview described was largely concerned with the ethics of war and peace. It struck me that the clerical spokesman whose views were reported that evening was rather inclined to take up a non-committal position, to shift the burden of deciding the morality of war, and of participation therein, on to the individual conscience, and generally to fall back on the historic pronouncement—"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." It is a difficult problem, as Scriptural support can be claimed for the use of force as well as for turning the other cheek. I have even seen it suggested that the Church is not averse from war, because the fear of death turns men's hearts to religion, but I should not like to think that our clergy would encourage from any such motive the wholesale mechanical butchery into which modern warfare has developed.

Undoubtedly, however, there is a widespread feeling that all branches of Christianity, throughout the world, might combine to make a definite stand against war, and that the Churches should use their enormous influence towards its abolition. This view is among those urged in "THE GAUNTLET AGAINST THE GOSPEL." By Angelo S. Rappoport, Ph.D. With eight Portraits (Skeffington; 15s.). Indicating the significance of his title, the author declares: "Christianity is above all a religion of peace, as opposed to the cult of force, which may be termed the *spirit of the Gauntlet*, a spirit worshipped by pagan Rome and the old Teutons." Later he adduces abundant arguments to show that the modern Teutons have inherited this ancestral spirit, and devotes a chapter to "the Triumph of the Gauntlet in Germany." Germany, however, is not the only offender. Dr. Rappoport traces through history the influences, personal and otherwise, that have worked respectively for the Gauntlet and the Gospel, and he denounces militarism wherever it has been found.

Despite a tendency to repetition, the book impresses by its passionate fervour, but when the old question arises—"What, then, must we do?"—the answer is not easy. The author declares that the nations of Europe are doomed to perdition, unless they return to religion and the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount. But it is difficult to see what effective steps we or other outsiders could take to end a state of things described as follows: "Germany is preaching a crusade against Russian bolshevism, while the Soviet Union, in its turn, is preaching a crusade against National-Socialism, but both countries have already started a holy war against religion in general and Christianity in particular." How could these forces be checked, except by a great counter-crusade and missionary campaign carried into the enemy's country, and what chance would such crusaders have of getting a hearing in Russia or Germany, not to mention Italy and Japan? Imagine pacifists holding congresses or disseminating broadcast appeals just outside their frontiers, or an educational movement to reform Dictators (if they could be persuaded to attend lectures on moral philosophy to improve their minds!) in some neutral centre such as Geneva! Conceive them taking a postal course in humanitarianism or Wellsian economics, prepared for their special benefit, and translated into their respective languages!

Dr. Rappoport evidently thinks that the work of conversion is the duty of the Church, and his expression of this view is the only practical means he suggests, as far as I can see, for combating the evils against which he so vigorously fulminates. "The guardians of religion," he declares, "have now an opportunity which they must seize before their utter bankruptcy is proclaimed. They must bring about a moral disarmament. And to think of it! The clergymen of the whole world, the guardians of the Gospels, if they really decided to practise what they profess to believe, could, without wasting time, secure universal peace. . . . Fourteen years ago Lloyd George warned the guardians of religion and of the Gospels against the triumph of the Gauntlet. . . . 'There is a growing assumption,' he said, 'that a conflict is coming again

sooner or later. That is the business of the Churches. Men are constructing more terrible machines than even the late war ever saw. What are they for? They are to attack unarmed cities and defenceless populations, to kill, maim, poison, mutilate and burn helpless women and children. If the Churches of Christ allow that to fructify they had better close their doors.' Yes, indeed, the Churches and Chapels, the Synagogues and Cathedrals, had better close their doors if the guardians of religion do not rise as one man, shout from the house-tops all through Christendom, and make it impossible that humanity shall in future have to pass through the fire, the torment, the sacrilege, the horror and squalor of war."

I fear Dr. Rappoport would be disappointed to find that the denunciation of war and militarism does not form the paramount question debated in ecclesiastical circles, as represented in "THE CHURCH AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY." By Norman Sykes, Percy Dearmer, C. E. Raven, Douglas White, H. D. A. Major, T. G. Rogers, A. T. Wilson, F. L. Cross, L. Elliott-Binns, and G. L. H. Harvey (Editor). With a Foreword by the Bishop of Birmingham

Christianity, and Dr. F. L.

Cross, in his essay on Anglo-Catholicism, suggests an itinerant Order pledged to active anti-militarism.

Dr. Barnes points out the damage done to religion by the Great War, which among other things banished Christianity from Russia, and he foresees still worse consequences from any future conflict, but he does not suggest any concerted preventive measures by the world's ecclesiastical authorities. The nearest he comes to considering any such endeavour is to remark: "It is lamentable that Barthianism, which for most of us conceals its irrationality by evasion, should be the one form of Christianity to raise its head in Germany against the prevailing cult of the State and its Leader." Later the Bishop declares: "Christ's ethics . . . create the social reformer . . . the eugenicist . . . the pacifist, ready at the cost of his own life to preach peace between the nations. Such men are the salt of the earth." Sir Arnold Wilson advises the clergy not to meddle in politics, or indulge in utterances on specific questions of international policy.

One need only recall the well-known views of Dr. Barnes himself on the subject of evolution to realise that there does not any longer exist the old hostility between religion and science. It is therefore not inappropriate, I think, to pass now to a work which, in Victorian days, would have appealed to Professor Huxley rather than to Bishop Wilberforce, but to-day will be enjoyed by members of both their professions, namely, "THE WORLD OF SCIENCE." By F. Sherwood Taylor, Ph.D., B.Sc. With 677 Illustrations (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). Here we read: "It is a great mistake to think that because scientific men in their work never use the ideas of God and the Soul, they deny their existence. Science concerns itself with things it can understand and test and experiment with. For the rest it minds its own business and leaves everyone to decide on his own religious views."

This fascinating and amazingly cheap book imparts in readable form a wealth of knowledge which the ordinary reader would find it difficult to obtain, without much tribulation, from more formal volumes. Dr. Taylor is modest, but not very expansive, concerning his aim and scope. "The book," he tells us, "is neither a text-book of the Sciences, nor a history of scientific thought and progress." Its purpose rather is "to answer in simple terms the questions which the ordinary man and woman ask about living creatures, the world, and the mechanical devices daily encountered by all." My own experience is, however, that the ordinary man and woman ask very few questions about such things, and are generally content to take the world as they find it. It is only when their curiosity is at once stimulated and satisfied in a book so entertaining and informative as this one, that the depths of their abysmal ignorance and indifference are stirred.

To Science is due the enormously increased and increasing destructiveness of modern war weapons, and some people, I believe, have suggested that scientists should impose upon themselves a self-denying ordinance not to invent new methods of massacre. Such is not the view, apparently, of the present author. Although he does not explicitly say so, he conveys the impression that Science is not responsible for the moral regeneration of mankind or the use which is made of its discoveries. "Man to-day," he writes,

"has far more knowledge, power, health and wealth than he had in 1800, but he has no more brains and very little more wisdom. The war of 1914-1918 showed us what the power of Science in the hands of folly and ambition could do. Science can never recede; if its weapons are not to destroy us we must make ourselves fit to handle them. . . . Impersonally and quietly, Science will go on growing. It will cure more diseases; it will bring about quicker transport; it will perfect our means of pleasure; it will make our way of living still less natural; it will put terrible weapons of death in our hands. Only an utter breakdown of all civilisation is likely to stop it."

(Continued on page 160.)



THE CASA DEL CAMPO, AS THE DEFENDERS OF MADRID SEE IT: A VIEW OF THE PARK ON THE WEST OF THE CITY, WHICH HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF FIERCE FIGHTING IN GENERAL FRANCO'S RENEWED ASSAULT; TAKEN FROM THE FORMER ROYAL PALACE LOOKING ROUGHLY NORTH-WEST.



AN ARTILLERY OBSERVER USING A RANGE-FINDER FROM A WINDOW OF THE FORMER ROYAL PALACE DURING A GOVERNMENT BOMBARDMENT OF INSURGENT POSITIONS ACROSS THE MANZANARES VALLEY: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES A GOOD IMPRESSION OF THE DOMINATING POSITIONS HELD BY THE DEFENDERS IN THE WESTERN PART OF MADRID.

The photographs on this page give a very clear idea of the conformation of the battle-field on the west and north-west of Madrid, which has recently been the scene of renewed fighting. The valley of the Manzanares is clearly perceptible, with the wooded country rising beyond it. In the foreground of the upper photograph are the cupolas of the North Station. Smoke from shell-bursts can be seen rising amid the suburbs in the middle distance. The photographs on the opposite page were taken on the insurgent side of the line in the Casa del Campo.

(Macmillan; 15s.). This volume, a modern counterpart of the famous "Essays and Reviews" of 1860, but not destined, I hope, to be so provocative of trouble and dissension, consists of ten papers, on various aspects of Church life, written independently by distinguished churchmen and laymen. Dr. Percy Dearmer, for instance, is Canon of Westminster; Dr. Raven is Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; and "A. T. Wilson" conceals the identity of Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P. In the last-named writer's notable essay on "The Church and Secular Life," and in the Introduction by Dr. Barnes, there are several allusions to the question of war as affecting



IN THE CASA DEL CAMPO, ON THE WEST OF MADRID, WHERE THERE HAS BEEN SEVERE FIGHTING IN THE COURSE OF THE LONG-AWAITED INSURGENT ASSAULT: THE FORLORN RUIN OF THE "PICCADILLY" CAFÉ, ONCE MUCH FREQUENTED BY HOLIDAY-MAKERS FROM THE CAPITAL.



IMPROVISED ANTI-TANK MEASURES IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: AN INSURGENT WITH AN INCENDIARY BOMB MADE OF A BOTTLE FILLED WITH PETROL, AND HAVING A FUSE OF PETROL-SOAKED COTTON WOOL WHICH IS LIGHTED BEFORE THE MISSILE IS THROWN; FOUND EFFECTIVE WHEN DIRECTED AT THE TRACKS OF TANKS.

THE long-expected assault on the Madrid defences, for which General Franco had accumulated large reserves, materialised on January 4. The immediate object of his operations was to cut the Corunna road and isolate the Government troops in the mountains, and then, presumably, push on and encircle Madrid from the north. There was severe fighting at villages on the north-west of Madrid, such as Majadahonda and Aravaca; and the battle spread to the Casa del Campo, which General Franco's commanders claimed to have cleared of their opponents, and also to have repulsed Government counter-attacks there. The insurgent attacks seem to have been supported by numerous tanks. There was no sign of the Government front crumbling.

[Continued above.]

THE CASA DEL CAMPO—AGAIN THE SCENE OF FIERCE FIGHTING:

FRANCO'S MEN AT ANTI-TANK PRACTICE; AND MOORISH TROOPS.

however, and the insurgents admitted that the morale of their opponents was good. By January 9 the Government forces had gone back as far as the Escorial road, though it was suggested in some quarters that they were only retreating to previously prepared positions. The attacks went on to the 10th, with savage hand-to-hand fighting as the result of a counter-attack in the Casa del Campo. On the 11th there was a pause, accentuated by thick fogs on the following days. Whether General Franco had shot his bolt, as Government sympathisers claimed, or was merely resting his troops and consolidating his position, the future will show. As we write, there are reports of attacks on the south-west of Madrid, and counter-attacks in the University City.



ORIENTAL SURVIVALS IN THE CIVIL WAR: MOORISH SOLDIERS EXPLORING THE SADDLE-BAGS OF A BIBLICAL-LOOKING SUTLER'S PACK-HORSE—ONE OF THEM WEARING A RICHLY ORNAMENTED DAGGER WITH HIS MODERN EQUIPMENT.



IN THE INSURGENT FRONT LINE IN THE CASA DEL CAMPO: A MACHINE-GUNNER AND HIS WEAPON BEHIND A LOOPHOLED WALL.

THE FATE OF THE DUKE OF ALBA'S FAMOUS COLLECTION



PICTURES FROM THE DUKE OF ALBA'S PALACE IN MADRID, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN BURNED DOWN: A GROUP INCLUDING MORELLO'S AND A RIBERA; NOW ON EXHIBITION IN VALENCIA.



PART OF THE DUKE OF ALBA'S MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ART TREASURES; STATED TO HAVE BEEN SAVED WHEN THE PALACIO DE LIRIA WAS BURNED DOWN: PORTRAITS BY FOLLOWERS OF GOYA; AT VALENCIA.



A RUBENS RESCUED FROM THE RAVAGES OF CIVIL WAR: A SKETCH FOR "THE RAPE OF THE SABINES"; NOW ON EXHIBITION IN VALENCIA.



A TITIAN NOW AT VALENCIA (RIGHT): A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT, WHICH APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN SLIGHTLY DAMAGED ON THE RIGHT OF THE HEAD.



A NUMBER OF PICTURES, AND A TAPESTRY, SAVED FROM THE DUKE OF ALBA'S PALACE, AND NOW ON EXHIBITION IN VALENCIA; INCLUDING A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE HIMSELF (RIGHT).



A FINE WINTERHALTER TAKEN TO VALENCIA FOR SAFETY: A PORTRAIT OF EUGÉNIE DE MONTIJO, THE UNFORTUNATE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, WIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

NOW KNOWN—REMOVED FROM MADRID TO VALENCIA.



THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY WAR IN THE DUKE OF ALBA'S FAMOUS PALACIO DE LIRIA, WHICH WAS FILLED WITH ART TREASURES: WRECKAGE FROM WHICH THE WORKS ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE WERE SAVED.



ONE OF THE PRICELESS TEXTILES SAVED FROM THE PALACIO DE LIRIA: A GOBBIN TAPESTRY; NOW HUNG IN THE EXHIBITION AT VALENCIA, THE PRESENT SEAT OF THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT.

WE illustrated the Duke of Alba's palace at Madrid (Palacio de Liria) in the hands of the militia in our issue of November 26. The palace is stated to have been burned down as the result of bombs from General Franco's aircraft. Many of the art treasures had already been moved, it appears. These included at least one Titian painting, armour, and tapestries. The correspondent who sends us the photographs reproduced on these pages states that the pictures saved from the Liria Palace have been taken to Valencia (where the Spanish Government now has its seat), and that they have been arranged in a temporary exhibition. A large street-banner advertising the exhibition reads: "Exhibition of the art collection of the ex-Duke of Alba, saved from the Fascist bombardment by the 5th regiment and handed over by them to the Ministry of Public Instruction."



SAVING THE ART TREASURES AT THE DUKE OF ALBA'S PALACE: PICTURES, FURNITURE, AND ARMOUR HEAPED TOGETHER IN THE GARDEN WHEN THE PALACE WAS BURNED DURING AN INSURGENT AIR RAID; WITH WHAT APPEARS TO BE SMASHED CHINA IN THE FOREGROUND.



ONE OF THE PALACIO DE LIRIA TREASURES WHICH ART-LOVERS WILL REJOICE TO SEE SAFE: GOYA'S FAMOUS PAINTING OF THE DUCHESS OF ALBA WITH HER PET DOG (LEFT) AT VALENCIA; WITH FLEMISH TAPESTRY.



THE PALACIO DE LIRIA WORKS OF ART "IN SANCTUARY" AT VALENCIA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION; INCLUDING SPLENDID TAPESTRIES, AND TWO GOYA PORTRAITS (BELOW)—ONE BEING THE "DUCHESS OF ALBA."

THE CATACLYSM OF THE CULBIN SANDS.

A 17TH-CENTURY CONVULSION OF NATURE WITHOUT PARALLEL IN THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND: A VAST SANDSTORM THAT OBLITERATED A GREAT ESTATE, WITH ITS MANSION HOUSE, VILLAGE, AND FIFTEEN FARMS.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN. (See Illustrations on the three succeeding Pages.)

TOWARDS the end of the seventeenth century the name of Kinnaird disappeared from the county families of Morayshire under circumstances which have no parallel in the history of Scotland, and but one counterpart in the submerging of the princely fortune of the Earl of Goodwin. It is the strange and tragic story of the Barony of Culbin, which, by an unavoidable fatality, described as the hand of God, was buried and irrevocably lost three centuries ago. Culbin, in the parish of Dyke, is between Forres and Nairn, immediately west of the point at which the beautiful and varied River Findhorn joins the Moray Firth. For centuries past, the sea along this coast-line has played strange tricks with its sandy shores, piling up ridges and eating out new lagoons, but it is one of the softest and sunniest climates in the British Isles. Southward from the Firth stretches a land of fertile farms, moorlands, and pine forests, prolific in plant and animal life. It is one of the fairest corners of Scotland, and here, some time in the fourteenth century, the Mansion House of Culbin was built by Thomas Kinnaird—a square house of finished stone, surrounded by lavish gardens and orchards, and sheltered by avenues of trees. It possessed the dignity of a dovecot, the privilege of a barony.

Here all went well with the Kinnaird family for two centuries. It was one of the richest estates in the land. There were sixteen farms, all paying good rental, plus in kind their boils of "bear, oatmeal, oats and wheat." The fine silt of the River Findhorn had through time deposited a deep, rich alluvial soil, so that the crops rarely failed, and Culbin was known as the granary of Moray. So time brings us to one fair afternoon. The tenants—men, women, and children—were busy in the fields with their late crops of oats. The bullocks plodded slowly along the furrows, the fishermen plied their nets, the salmon fisheries being most valuable. Everyone was happy in the thought that as they toiled so would they reap. A breeze was blowing from the west, bearing a sting of sand from the dunes at Mavistoun, but little was thought of this, as the sandhills had long shown a tendency to creep eastward. The sprinkling of fine dust, if anything, improved the rich soil on which it fell.

We go forward a matter of two days only, and from the pine-woods of Cluny Hill at Forres we look towards the sea. Stretching along the low coast westward from the mouth of the Findhorn lies a desolation of sandhills, bare and blinding in the sun, vanishing far away in the direction of Nairn, and under those million tons of accumulated sand lay the mansion house of Culbin and all that completed it. That, briefly, is the story! It was October 1694, and as evening came on the sandstorm increased, till the labourers were forced to leave their ploughs in the fields, where many of them remain to this day. Through the night, the fury of the wind never ceased, and at daybreak the laird rose, leaving his young wife and infant son still sleeping. What a sight awaited him on opening the door! Though sheltered by the thick hedge, he was met by a sand-blast no man could face. The wide lawns were covered with sand—sand everywhere! It swept into the house before the gale, and ere he could close the door behind him, one of his tenants appeared groping blindly through the maelstrom, begging him to rally the servants and come to his aid, or all would perish under the drifting banks.

There followed hours of fear and horror which must have gone far to break the spirit of young Alexander Kinnaird. Already bearing a heavy burden of debt, in incurring which he had not participated, he was now to see all he possessed remorselessly buried before his eyes. During the day, the storm abated a little, and they were able to make some headway clearing the doors, through which they crept like moles, and tended their stock, but towards evening the storm recommenced with double fury. Returning home Kinnaird found his wife anxiously awaiting him, and the preparations she had made confirmed his fears. In the big dining-room the candles were lit, for the windows were already buried, and there she had the charter chest opened, and its contents tied in bundles. Their infant son, swathed ready for what might be a terrible journey, lay on the knees of his faithful nurse, who held tightly under one

arm her mistress's jewel-case—all ready for the dread flitting.

"We must go, then, Lilies?" said Kinnaird. "We must abandon this place which our family have held since 1440?"

"Unless God in his pity changes the direction of the wind!" came the answer.

For Kinnaird it was the final blow. Half-blind and shaken by the storm, he could only hide his face and mutter: "Have pity on me, oh, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me!"

At midnight all was ready, and Kinnaird called his servants. With the child swathed in his mother's arms, the pitiful procession set out, clinging to each other, and to their master. Already deep sandhills were piled across their path, and that they finally reached Earnhill, the sole surviving farm on the estate, is wonderful, for some of them were old and weak. They had with them their poor all—not much, indeed, but it told something of the great Province of Moray, where the Moravians had reigned so long as petty kings. Next day the storm again abated, but the mansion house was buried to its top windows. The crofters managed to dig down and save their cattle, and people from the neighbouring estates came in to survey the havoc. Kinnaird called upon them to help him save what might remain, but he was not popular since he had turned from the Covenanted side to serve the King. Now that he stood a ruined man he was to learn how bitterly they hated him.



A RELIC OF THE EARLY IRON AGE FROM THE CULBIN SANDS: A MASSIVE BRONZE ARMLET OF ZOOMORPHIC DESIGN, WITH EYES OF BLUE ENAMEL, THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF A VERY RARE TYPE OF ARMLET PECULIAR TO SCOTLAND—ONE OF MANY PRE-HISTORIC OBJECTS FOUND ON LEVEL PARTS OF THE REGION FROM WHICH THE SAND HAS BEEN BLOWN AWAY.

Photograph by Courtesy of the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, Edinburgh.

"The judgment has come upon you for when you foreswore the faith!" they told him. "Who are we that we lift the curse of God? Clear your own dunghill of sand!"

For the people of Culbin were a superstitious people, who shrank in terror from the wild and ragged witches who raided the shore when the boats came in, bidding the fishermen take away only the smallest. Upon the Kinnairds the curse of the witches had fallen, and, as with many another Scottish family, their faces from that day were downcast. The following day the mansion house and policies and the village of Culbin were completely gone. Moreover, a vast accumulation of sand had blocked the mouth of the Findhorn, which was speedily carving out a new course and threatening to sweep away the village. To-day, indeed, the village of Culbin is under the sea.

With the sole remaining hope that a counter-storm might reveal that which lay buried, the Kinnairds remained on at Earnhill, but even that hope soon died. Among their few friends was their late enemy, Lord Brodie, who offered them help and shelter; but Kinnaird was too proud to accept. The next incident in the dismal chapter occurred a year later, when Kinnaird petitioned Parliament in Edinburgh for relief of cess, under the plea that the estate of Culbin, by an unavoidable fatality, was ruined and destroyed. Relief was not granted, but Parliament passed the Act (C30, I. William and Mary) prohibiting the gathering of bent, broom, whin, and juniper, much used by the crofters for thatching, the binding roots of which help to keep the sands stable. The Act still stands.

Another two years and Kinnaird, hunted like a Covenanter, applied to court for personal protection from his creditors. He sold his estates to Alexander Duff of Drummair with his "goodwill and blessing," and a few months later he died. His devoted wife was not long in following him, and their little son was taken charge of by the faithful nurse, who, in honourable poverty, kept him by her needlework, till he was old enough to enlist. Later he was recognised by a brother-in-law of his mother's, Colonel Alexander Rose, who procured a commission for him. He rose to the rank of Captain, but died without issue at thirty-seven. Thus ended the ill-starred Kinnairds of Culbin.

For a hundred years the wind sighed and the sands drifted over a region forsaken by man and beast and utterly worthless; then one evening the roof and chimneys of the mansion appeared above the shifting desert. There can be no doubt about this, for workmen went at once to remove the more valuable stonework. One of them shouted down the chimney, and was terrified by a ghostly voice answering him from the dark chambers below. The reincarnation was short, and a few days later the spectre was swallowed up in the creeping drifts. An old man who died about eighty years ago recalled how, in his boyhood, a cherry-tree was revealed from the corner of the orchard. It at once burst into blossom, but in a few days it was gone again. On another occasion the branches of an apple-tree appeared from a hill-side. It flowered at once and the fruit matured quickly, and was pronounced sweet and full-flavoured.

To show how long seeds will live when completely buried, in 1817 Sir Thomas Dick Lauder of Relugas obtained a sample of the soil of Culbin by digging down through the sands. The soil was placed in saucers and carefully tended, and almost immediately plants began to spring from it—the everyday weeds of mouse-ear, scorpion grass, purple archangel, and corn spurry. Thus the soil which had lain buried for nearly one and a half centuries had retained the living germs of the same weeds which trouble agriculturists to-day! As indicating the fluid nature of the sands, I have seen a roe deer pass a hundred yards away, but on going up the faint breeze had already obliterated its tracks. In a wind any obstacle may cause the drifting of a hill. In the heyday of smuggling, a valuable consignment of brandy was dumped under a sandhill near the sea, but when on the following day the smugglers returned with their carts the features of the landscape were completely changed, and the brandy lost. The crofters are still looking for it!

The region is curious in many ways. On a still day the silence is absolute—no droning of insects or song of birds or rustle of leaves. Overhead the sky is an intense blue, and looking toward the surrounding country one sees the fields and woods endowed with a richness of colouring unseen elsewhere. In some lights the desert is overhung with a golden glow which might issue from the sand, and as darkness gathers the surroundings are apt to assume an unearthly purple, as is sometimes seen over Arctic snows.

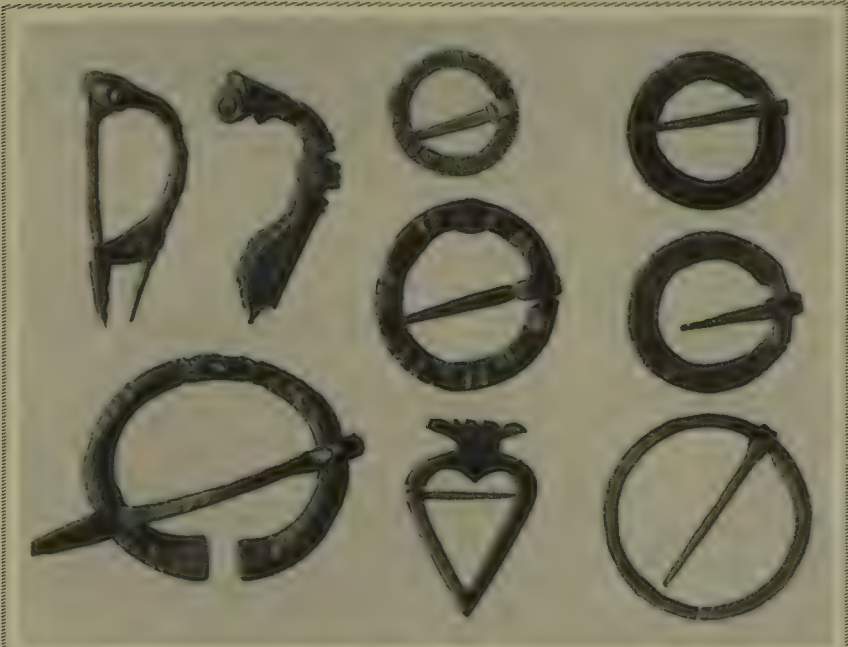
Another curious feature is that distance cannot be judged by the eye. A companion fifty yards away may appear as a far-distant figure; a slope rising at one's feet may seem to be on the remote skyline.

Many people have been lost and a few have perished in the sandhills. Some years ago two youths were caught by a storm and were forced to take such shelter as they could find for the night. At daybreak they made the grim discovery of a human skeleton, which the wind had laid bare at their feet!

Lachlan Shaw, in his "History of the Province of Moray," thus describes a storm in which he was caught: "Moving onward with eyes shut . . . I was met by a blast of wind which seemed to be a work altogether beyond the common operations of nature. The quantity of sand must have been immense. I caught it by the handful as it passed. I felt as if a dozen thongs were lashing me round the body. . . . Ropes of sand are generally spoken of with a degree of contempt, but when they operate like the thongs of Culbin, they are not to be despised." Later the record goes on: "I felt a pressure of weight on my body which had the effect of dragging me down and retarding progress, as if the power of gravitation had been increased tenfold. For a moment I stood like one petrified—perspiration starting from every pore—I put my hand into my pocket in search of a handkerchief, and found the pocket crammed with sand. I tried another—it was equally filled! Every pocket about me was filled with sand, my clothes completely saturated with it, my shoes like to burst, my eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth were like partakers. In short, I felt myself to be nearly altogether a man of sand."

ANTIQUITIES FROM THE CULBIN SANDS: PREHISTORIC AND LATER RELICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



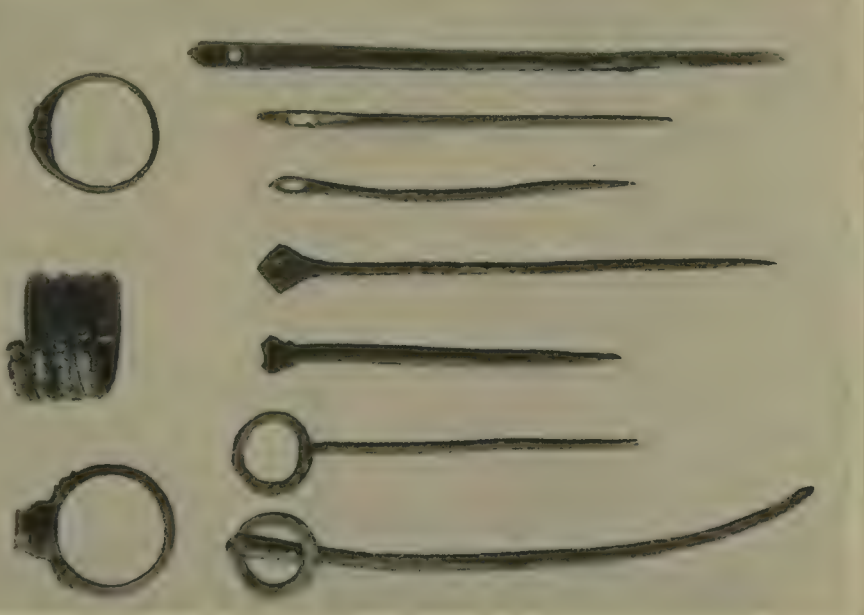
BROOCHES OF VARIOUS PERIODS: SCOTTISH EARLY IRON AGE AND MEDIAEVAL EXAMPLES, WITH A HEART-SHAPED EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY "LUCKENBOOTH" BROOCH (A TYPE FORMERLY SOLD IN THE LUCKENBOOTHES AT EDINBURGH).



FLINT ARROW-HEADS, BARBED AND LEAF-SHAPED—INCLUDING ONE OF WHITE FLINT (MIDDLE RIGHT) WHICH IS AMONG THE FINEST FOUND IN SCOTLAND: PREHISTORIC WEAPONS FROM THE CULBIN SANDS.



RELICS OF THE IRON AGE IN SCOTLAND DISCOVERED IN THE CULBIN SANDS: BEADS AND FRAGMENTS OF ARMLETS OF JET AND SHALE.



ALL PREHISTORIC EXCEPT THE TWO RINGS SHOWN AT THE TOP AND BOTTOM ON THE LEFT: PINS, NEEDLES, AND FINGER-RINGS OF BRONZE OR BRASS.



SPINNING-WHORLS OF STONE, LEAD, AND BROKEN POTTERY: SOME OF THE NUMEROUS EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT CRAFTSMANSHIP PICKED UP ON THE CULBIN SANDS.



SPECIMENS OF IMPLEMENTS OR WEAPONS FASHIONED BY PREHISTORIC MAN IN SCOTLAND, AND FOUND ON THE CULBIN SANDS: A GROUP OF STONE AXES.

Mr. H. Mortimer Batten, whose article on the opposite page describes the dramatic origin of the Culbin Sands, adds the following note on the objects found there, chiefly in level areas from which the sand has been blown away. "For centuries," he writes, "the neighbouring port of Findhorn carried on an active export with England and the Continent, and the interest of this extraordinary region is enhanced by its historic relics. Industries were carried on over the area now obliterated, and when the sandhills shift, laying bare the naked soil, hoof marks and human footprints are found as clearly imprinted as when they were made nearly 2½ centuries ago. In the Edinburgh Museum there is an immense collection of flint arrow-heads, saws, scrapers

and knives, taken from the Culbin region. These have been picked up by casual collectors during the past fifty years. Numerous bronze artifacts have also been found—rings, rivets, studs and pins, also crucibles and moulds of stone. A beautiful bronze armlet of ancient Celtic pattern (illustrated opposite) was recently discovered; also a small penannular brooch, a massive finger-ring, and a bronze spear-head. I have seen a collection of coins made by a lady who had visited the region for that purpose. They were extraordinarily varied, being of Roman, French, English, Scottish, and Flemish mintage. The coins range from 21 B.C. to the time of Charles II. A labourer working near the Culbin Sands once found a bag of silver coins."

RECLAIMING THE CULBIN SANDS: A SCOTTISH "SAHARA" CAUSED BY AN AMAZING SANDSTORM IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 130)



THE PRESENT ASPECT OF A MORAYSHIRE DISTRICT SUDDENLY OVERWHELMED BY THE TREMENDOUS SANDSTORM OF 1691: PART OF THE CULBIN SANDS—A SHIFTING DESERT WHOSE SURFACE MAY BE ENTIRELY CHANGED BY AN HOUR'S WIND.



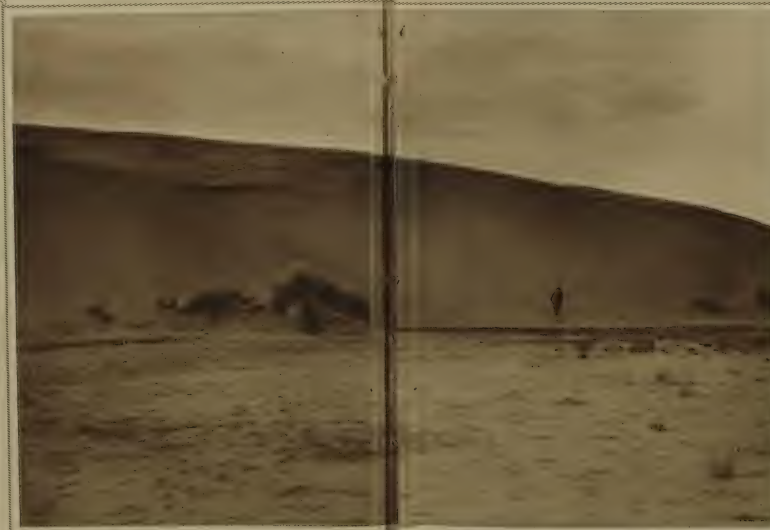
HERE THE WIND HAS UNDERMINED ONE OF THE PLANTATIONS, FORMING A STEEP RIDGE, DOWN WHICH THE YOUNG TREES FALL AND ARE BURIED IN SAND: DIFFICULTIES OF RECLAMATION.



NATURE'S TIMBER BURIED BY A STORM, WITH ONLY TREE-TOPS STILL VISIBLE ABOVE THE SAND: A VISION AFTER WHICH THE TREES DIE IN THE COURSE AND THE TOPS BREAK OFF, LEAVING NO SIGN THAT A FOREST HAD EXISTED THERE.



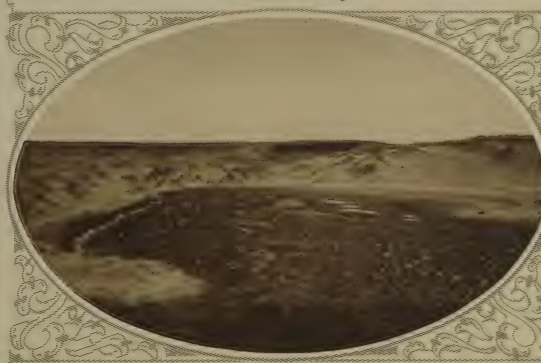
WHERE, UNDER MILLIONS OF TONS OF SAND, LIES BURIED THE ANCIENT FAMILY SEAT OF THE KINNAIDS, WHO WERE RUINED BY THE GREAT SANDSTORM TOWARDS THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: LADY CULBIN HILL, AS IT RECENTLY APPEARED—THE MOST ROMANTIC PART OF THE CULBIN SANDS, WHERE THE ROOFS OF THE MANSION ONCE TEMPORARILY RE-APPEARED.



A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF NATURE'S MENACE TO THE WORK OF RECLAMATION: A LEVEL AND SHALLOW STRETCH READY FOR PLANTING, BUT BEHIND A GREAT RIDGE OF MOVING SAND WHICH MAY AT ANY TIME BRING DISASTER UPON ANY PLANTATION ATTEMPTED THERE.



THREATENED BY A SLOWLY ENCREACHING BANK OF SHIFTING SAND (RIGHT): ONE OF THE LEVEL AREAS (DENuded OF SAND BY STORMS) IN WHICH ARE FOUND MOST OF THE RELICS SUCH AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 131.



A MYSTERIOUS FEATURE OF THE CULBIN SANDS, SCOTLAND'S MINIATURE SAHARA: ONE OF THE SEVERAL WINTER LAKES, OVER WHICH, OWING TO SOME PECULIARITY OF SITUATION, THE SAND NEVER DRIFTS.



THREE STAGES OF RE-AFFORESTATION: (IN THE IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND) SAND COVERED WITH CUT BRANCHES; (IN THE MID-FOREGROUND) VERY SMALL SAPLINGS BETWEEN ROWS OF MARRAM GRASS; (IN THE BACKGROUND) ESTABLISHED PLANTINGS.

In his article on page 130 Mr. H. Mortimer Batten tells in dramatic style how the Culbin Sands came into being, through a sudden and catastrophic sandstorm, in 1694. The above photographs show their present—or, rather, recent—aspect, for the surface is constantly shifting. In a letter Mr. Batten states that the Forestry Commission have done an immense work of reclamation since his previous visit. "Their methods of planting (he says) are interesting, but not, of course, new. I believe that in parts of Continental Europe the laying of branches, followed by the planting of

marram grass, broom, and whin, was practised over a century ago, and certainly it was done by the Chadwicks, owners of part of Culbin." In a section of his article, transferred here beside the relevant illustrations, he writes: "Little more than a decade ago the bulk of Culbin was taken over by the Forestry Commission, and the change which has occurred since then is almost incredible. Soon it will no longer be a matter of the prevailing forces of nature, but rather of the tireless hand of man subduing nature with her own weapons. A great work of reclamation has

already been achieved, and much of the likelihood of another calamity removed. The movement of the sands is always eastwards, so, starting at the extreme west end, the process of sealing the surface moved east, the positions being steadily consolidated as the advance was made. Cut cedar and broom branches are laid on the surface of the sand, and as it decays the young grass springs through it. Marram grass is systematically planted, and when the time is ripe, Corsican pine is set out on the drier ridges, and Scotch fir in the damper hollows. Constant watch is kept

for blow-outs, for a single hollow may lead to the undermining of an entire hill in less than an hour, then away she goes!—perhaps to destroy and bury the work of months. Much has already been done, but much is still to be conquered. Having been absent for eight years, I could hardly believe my eyes when, standing on Lady Culbin Hill, under which the mansion house lies buried, I looked westward. Instead of unbroken sands, there lay acres of young forest, the dark green of the pines standing out vividly against the sand, touched with the autumn gold of silver birch."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



RHINOCEROSES LARGER THAN ELEPHANTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

WHAT is it that determines the sizes of animals? On the one hand we have the little goby in one of the lakes of Luzon, Philippines, only half an inch long—the smallest known vertebrate—and on the other, the huge Sibbald's orqual of 110 ft. long! These, however, are what we may call "standard sizes," constant for fully matured individuals of their species. But there are some puzzling exceptions to this rule. For example, in our rivers the carp does not exceed a weight of 25 lb.—and such specimens are rare—but on the Continent it may attain to nearly 100 lb. The barbel in our rivers may weigh up to 20 lb.; on the Continent this weight has been doubled. No explanation is yet forthcoming for these strange discrepancies. A more careful and extended study may show that these singular exceptions have gained access to some "food of the gods" which their relatives in our waters are unable to obtain.

But there is another category of "giantism." And this we find in some groups of animals which came into being several millions of years ago, and can be traced through successive geological periods in a series of gradually increasing stature, accompanied by structural changes of form of a very striking kind. It would be easy to cite a long list of such transformations which would include animals of the most diverse types, vertebrate and invertebrate. This, however, would be spoiling a good story, for the recital of the list would leave no room, in the space allotted me on this page, to enlarge on their several peculiarities. Hence I propose to keep to one group,

Central Mongolia, accompanied by Dr. Granger as chief palæontologist.

There can be no question about the dependability of this restoration in regard to its general appearance and size, for it was not made until after the skeleton had been mounted. All that was needed after this was to draw an

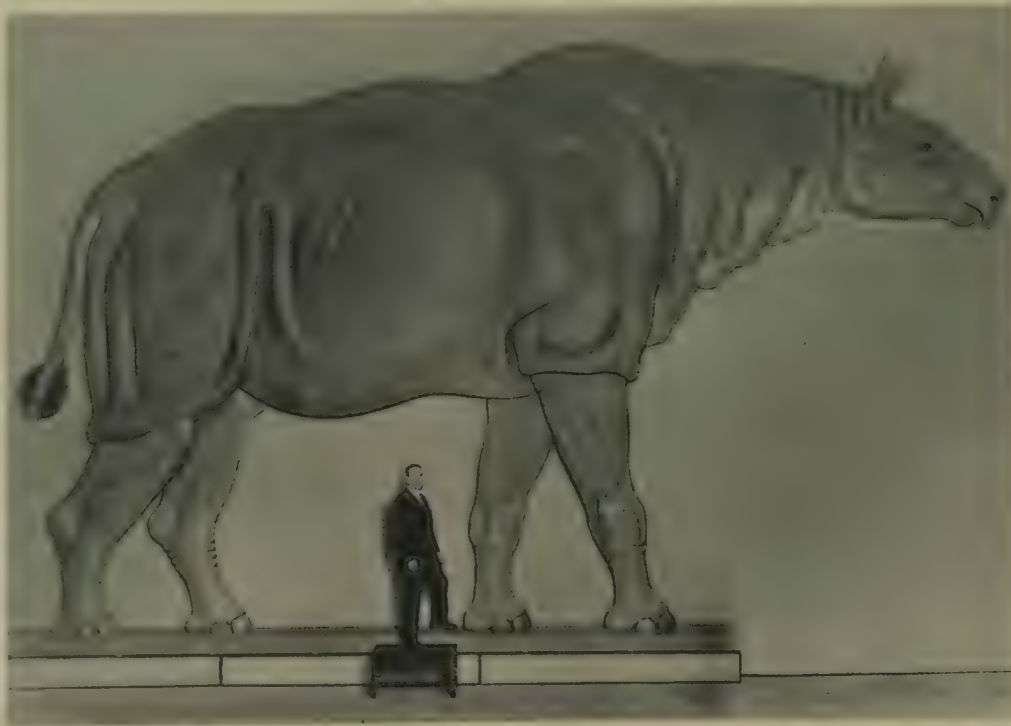
North America in Miocene times, but none ever developed more than an incipient horn, a mere "boss." In *Dicera-therium armatum* there were a pair of such "bosses" placed side by side, one on each nasal bone. And yet another was *Teleoceras fossiger*, which lived through the Upper Miocene into the Lower Pliocene, and bore a very small conical "boss" on the nose. But this creature was one of surpassing interest, since it had changed its mode of life from that of a strictly land animal to that of an amphibian like our hippopotamus of to-day. As a consequence, it had acquired a shape strikingly similar to a hippopotamus, the legs being extremely short, relatively much more so than in the hippopotamus, with which, however, it had no relationship whatever. It seems to have had a forerunner in *Metamynodon* of the Lower Miocene. But in the species of this group the legs were relatively longer. Many such instances are known where changed feeding habits have led to drastic changes in the form of the body.

Typical rhinoceroses came into being in mid-Miocene times, and these were all two-horned types, one behind the other. One-horned species are unknown anywhere as fossils save in the Indian region, where remains have been found in the Siwalik Hills. The great Indian rhinoceros of to-day is a descendant of these ancient extinct species.

There is another point about *Baluchitherium* which I have left till now, since it concerns the upper teeth of the front of the jaw. In the two types of living rhinoceroses the front of the upper jaw bears two incisors in the one-horned species, but they are absent in the two-horned or African types. In *Baluchitherium* there were two large teeth, but of a very different form, being conical in shape and directed downwards, while the lower jaw bore two teeth, also large and similar in form, but projecting forwards.

What the skin was like in *Baluchitherium* we shall never know. But it presents very striking differences

in the Indian and African types. Of great thickness in each, in the former it is thrown into great, shield-like plates, with deep grooves between them; but in the two African species, curiously enough, it is relatively smooth. The great plasticity of this tribe, fossil and recent, is shown by their world-wide distribution. The "woolly" rhinoceros, like the mammoth, ranged into the Arctic regions, and they both, as a consequence, developed a long, hairy

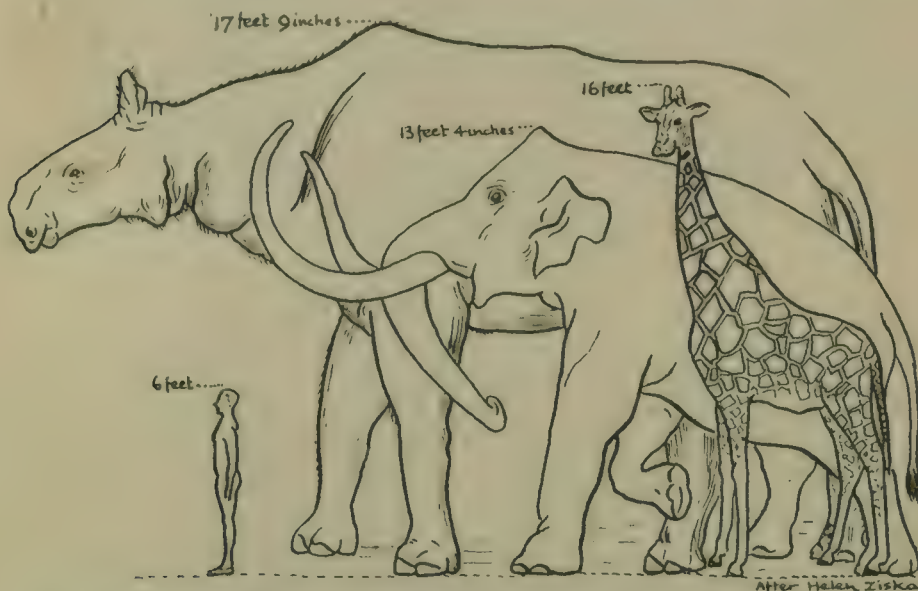


1. THE LARGEST LAND MAMMAL THE EARTH HAS EVER KNOWN: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE GIGANTIC EXTINCT RHINOCEROS, THE *BALUCHITHERIUM*, IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—THE 6 FT. MAN BESIDE EASILY ABLE TO STAND UPRIGHT UNDER ITS BELLY.

The *Baluchitherium*, a fossil rhinoceros of Mongolia, was a distant relative of the modern rhinoceroses, which appear mere dwarfs beside it. This huge monster had no nasal horn. It was probably covered by a smooth skin, though this part of the reconstruction must, of course, be largely conjectural.

Reproduction by Kind Permission of Dr. W. K. Gregory.

outline round this framework. The skull, measuring 4 ft. 3 in. in length, was small for the size of the animal as a whole, which at the withers stood



2. HOW THE *BALUCHITHERIUM* DWARFS OTHER LAND MAMMALS: A COMPARATIVE DRAWING SHOWING THE GIGANTIC FOSSIL RHINOCEROS (17 FT. 9 IN. AT THE WITHERS), BESIDE THE LARGEST KNOWN ELEPHANT, *ARCHIDISKODON*—ALSO A FOSSIL, AND STANDING 13 FT. 4 IN.; A SIXTEEN-FOOT GIRAFFE; AND THE PUNY "LORD OF CREATION."

After Helen Ziska.

to be illustrated by the rhinoceros tribe. I select this group not because it is of greater interest than any of the others, but because it happens that my friend, Dr. W. K. Gregory, has recently sent me a wonderful photograph of a giant extinct rhinoceros (*Baluchitherium*) (Fig. 1), together with the records of the results of long investigations on the remains of the amazing animal on which he and his colleague, Dr. W. Granger, of the American Museum of Natural History have been working for some years. Already known as two of the most eminent American authorities on comparative anatomy and palæontology, they have now added fresh laurels to their crown, for the task of reconstructing *Baluchitherium* bristled with difficulties.

Baluchitherium is not only a giant rhinoceros but the largest land mammal yet brought to light. The first known remains were found near Chur-Lando, Baluchistan, by my countryman, Dr. Forster Cooper, of Cambridge, a palæontologist of ripe experience. A second discovery of the bones of this great beast was made near Turgai, north of Turkestan, by a Russian naturalist, but no skull was found. This particular coveted treasure rewarded a third expedition, led by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, to

no less than 17 ft. 9 in. in height! The top of the head of the tallest giraffe standing by its side would still be nearly 2 ft. short of the crest of this back. The late Professor Osborn believed that since the neck was 6 ft. long, it must have been a forest-dweller and, like the giraffe, browsed on the leaves of trees. But this surmise is not accepted by Dr. Gregory. There is, however, another feature of this giant well worth noting: it had no nasal horn. This we know from the fact that the nasal bones show no roughening of their surface for its anchorage, this roughening being a conspicuous feature of the skull of all the species which bear horns to-day. The horn is never found fossilised, because, being formed only of agglutinated hairs, it speedily perishes after death. The earliest "incipient" rhinoceroses were all hornless and very small animals, but long-legged and swift-footed. Some of this type made their way into



3. A DIMINUTIVE RELATIVE OF THE EXTINCT *BALUCHITHERIUM*: A LIVING ADOLESCENT INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

coat and the small cursorial Miocene types probably had a hair-covered skin.

Though we can account for the shape of the bones of *Baluchitherium* and for the peculiarities of its teeth, we are now, and shall always remain, unable to account for its gigantic size. Beside it the elephant looks small and unimpressive!

THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN MADRID BOMBED: A SCENE OF NARROW ESCAPES.



SHOWING THE DAMAGED ROOF: BUILDINGS OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN MADRID AFTER THE BOMBING RAID, REGARDING WHICH AN OFFICIAL PROTEST WAS MADE TO GENERAL FRANCO, WHO WAS LATER REPORTED TO DENY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ATTACK.

ON January 8 explosive and incendiary bombs fell on the British Embassy in Madrid, the Embassy Annexe, and the British Consulate. Three people were wounded—Captain E. C. Lance, Hon. Military Attaché, Mrs. Norris, wife of an Englishman, who was discussing business with him at the time, and the Embassy cook. "I was sitting in my room," Captain Lance said, "when the bomb fell. It landed on the roof just above my head and wrecked the whole place." Two days later it was stated that he and Mrs. Norris were about again, as fortunately their injuries were not serious, some fallen beams having protected them. The British Ambassador to Spain, Sir Henry Chilton, stationed at Hendaye, was

[Continued opposite.



WHERE CAPTAIN LANCE (SEATED IN AN ARMCHAIR WHEN A BOMB FELL) WAS WOUNDED, BUT PARTLY PROTECTED BY FALLEN BEAMS: A WRECKED ROOM IN THE EMBASSY ANNEXE.

instructed to protest to the Nationalist authorities at Salamanca against this bombing of the "safety zone," which General Franco had undertaken to respect. Later it was reported that, according to a broadcast message from Burgos, General Franco would deny that the attack was made by Nationalist bombers, which always flew in formation, so that such bombing by an individual machine could not be charged to them. Some of the bombs on the Embassy smashed through the large Union Jack painted on the roof. The incendiary bombs caused a fire, which, however, was soon extinguished. The Embassy staff, with Mr. Ogilvie-Forbes, the British Chargé d'Affaires, had left Madrid for Valencia on January 3.

A TASTE FOR CURIOS SHARED: THE QUEEN AND QUEEN MARY, COLLECTORS.



THE QUEEN FOLLOWS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HER ROYAL PREDECESSOR AND MOTHER-IN-LAW AS A LOVER OF ART TREASURES: HER MAJESTY LEAVING AN ANTIQUE SHOP IN CAMBRIDGE AFTER A VISIT OF INSPECTION WITH QUEEN MARY.



THE QUEEN MOTHER IMPARTS HER OWN ENTHUSIASM AS AN ART CONNOISSEUR TO HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND SUCCESSOR: QUEEN MARY LEAVING THE CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUE SHOP, WHERE SHE HAS MADE MANY PURCHASES IN RECENT YEARS, AFTER VISITING IT WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mother motored together on January 16 from Sandringham to Cambridge, and there visited an antique shop which has been a favourite haunt of Queen Mary, in pursuit of her well-known hobby as a collector of antiques and art treasures, during the past few years, and where she has from time

to time made many purchases. On this occasion their Majesties were attended by the Librarian of Windsor Castle (Mr. Q. F. Morshead) and the Curator of the Cambridge University Museums of Archaeology and Ethnology (Mr. L. Clarke, F.S.A.). A large crowd gathered outside the entrance to the shop cheered the two Queens.

THE DUKE OF KENT'S INTEREST IN CHILD WELFARE; AND HIS OWN BABY.



A ROYAL FATHER TAKES A KINDLY INTEREST IN CHILDREN OF THE UNEMPLOYED: THE DUKE OF KENT AMONG THE LITTLE ONES AT THE CHILD WELFARE CENTRE IN DALGARNO GARDENS.



THE DUKE OF KENT, WHO NOW HAS TWO CHILDREN OF HIS OWN, INSPECTS BABIES WITH AN APPRAISING EYE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS HAVING A CHAT WITH PROUD MOTHERS AT THE 4TH FEATHERS CLUB IN MARYLEBONE.



THE BABY DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT BEING TAKEN BY HER NURSE FOR AN AIRING: LEAVING THE LONDON HOME OF HER PARENTS IN BELGRAVE SQUARE FOR THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE "CHRISTMAS" PRINCESS WHO AT PRESENT RANKS SIXTH IN THE ORDER OF SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER WITH HER NURSE—A NEARER VIEW.

The Duke of Kent visited social centres for London unemployed on January 19. The tour, made at his own suggestion and organised by the National Council of Social Service, had been planned for the whole day, but part of the programme was postponed when he arranged to leave in the afternoon for Sandringham. At the

Dalgarno Gardens Centre, North Kensington, he inspected child welfare clinics and the Nursery School. Later he visited, in turn, the 4th Feathers Club, Marylebone, the Gonville Occupational Centre, Battersea, and the Fitzroy Women's Club situated in Shaftesbury Avenue. The Duke's little daughter was born on Christmas Day.

BY A "SALT-WATER" ARTIST: BRISCOE ETCHINGS THAT COME FROM KEEPING THE SEA IN ALL WEATHERS.

FROM THE ORIGINALS BY ARTHUR BRISCOE, R.E., R.I.; NOW ON EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. J. AND D. COLNAGHI, 216, 215, 216, NEW BOND STREET, W.1. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"AN ACT OF GOD."



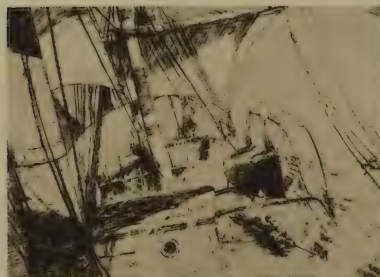
"THE WHEEL."



"FLOODED DECK."



"HEAVING THE LINE."



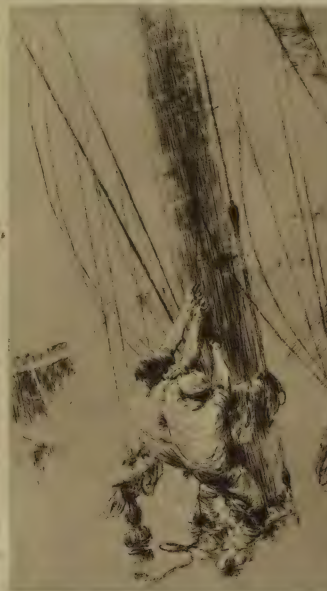
"THE GALE."



"THE SHIPWRIGHT."



"NOON."



"CLEW LINES AND BUNT LINES."



"SCULLING."



"MANNING THE PUMPS."



"THE LEADSMAN."

in fact, above all a "salt-water" artist. In 1928 we were to note, quoting the foreword to the catalogue of his exhibition: "Most of his training as a painter of the sea and ships and the men who man them has been acquired by the simple, if at times strenuous, expedient of going to sea. He had a vessel of his own built to his own ideas, with the main purpose of being able to keep the sea in bad weather, when, as he says, the sea is worth studying from an artist's point of view; in addition to which he has travelled about the world in most kinds of craft, choosing, whenever possible, sail in preference to steam. . . . Mr. Briscoe's pictures are not all of deep-sea craft. He has spent some of his time sailing in the Dutch rivers and canals." During the Great War, when he was a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. Auxiliary Patrol, he had four years in command of trawlers, drifters or motor-launches. When writing on nautical subjects, which he does on occasion, he uses the pen-name "Clove Hitch."

MR. ARTHUR BRISCOE, whose Exhibition began at Colnaghi's on the 19th and will continue until February 6, was well known as a marine painter before he took to etching, a fact we chronicled as far back as 1926, when he first showed a complete set of his etchings and dry-points. At that time we remarked: "Latterly he has taken to etching, and his work in that medium is now in great demand among collectors, for it is recognised that he has struck a new and original note in the art, both in his choice of subjects and in his extraordinary power of conveying atmosphere, weather conditions, and vigorous movement of men at work on shipboard." He was born at Birkenhead in 1873 and some of his earliest recollections are of the Mersey in the days when sailing-ships were still striving to hold their own against the competition of steamers. After studying at the Slade and in Paris, he went to sea and he has spent half his life on the water in all sorts of vessels. He is,

(Continued on right.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE ARMY'S NEED OF RECRUITS: A DEMONSTRATION TO STIR INTEREST AT ROCHFORD, ESSEX; WITH MACHINE-GUNS AND A BAND.

The recruiting situation in the Army is causing considerable anxiety. In a speech at a luncheon at the Constitutional Club on January 18, Mr. Duff Cooper, Secretary for War, denied that conscription was imminent. He said that he believed that as the result of improvements in conditions in the Regular Army, which he hoped shortly to announce, recruiting would become satisfactory.



COMMEMORATING ROOSEVELT'S SECOND TERM OF OFFICE: THE INAUGURAL MEDAL—THE VICE-PRESIDENT ON THE REVERSE.

The inaugural medal commemorating the opening of the second term of office of President Roosevelt and Vice-President Garner is the work of Joseph A. Whitaker, the Washington sculptor. The medal is three inches in diameter and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick.

MINISTERO DELL'AERONAUTICA

Verbale di nomina a Pilota Militare di Aeroplano del
S. E. Benito Mussolini

LA SOTTONOTATA COMMISSIONE

CONSTATATO che il *S. E. Benito Mussolini*

ha svolto il prescritto numero di ore di volo ed altresì eseguite le seguenti prove previste dal regolamento

entrato in campo con volo libero continuo da m. 1500 (rettangolo);
salita alla quota di m. 3500;

otto in volo (5 circuiti in forma di otto alla quota di m. 600)

DICHIARA

che il *S. E. Benito Mussolini*
ha conseguito l'idoneità per la nomina a pilota militare di apparecchio *5.81*
il *12 Gennaio 1937-XV*

Roma, il *12 Gennaio 1937-XV*

LA COMMISSIONE

Il Membro

Il Membro

Il Presidente



THE PROGRESS OF JUBILEE, THE ZOO'S LITTLE CHIMPANZEE: A CLIMBING LESSON FROM HER MOTHER, "BOO-BOO."

Jubilee, the baby chimpanzee at the London Zoo, has probably aroused greater interest than any animal there since the time of Jumbo, the world-famous elephant. She was born at the Zoo in February, 1935, and her progress has frequently been illustrated in our pages. She is now beginning to climb.



VALUABLE RACEHORSES THREATENED BY A FIRE: THE BURNT ST. GATIEN STABLES AT NEWMARKET, WHENCE THE ANIMALS WERE RESCUED.

Racing stables at Newmarket were involved in a big fire on January 18. The fire was at St. Gatien House, and it endangered more than twenty racehorses, some trained by Captain Percy Whitaker, and others by Mr. H. R. Beedle. Seven racehorses ran away and were temporarily lost after they had been released from the blazing stables. None of the horses examined after the fire was found to be injured.



A TRAGEDY OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: THE BODY OF BARON DE BORCHGRAVE, THE MURDERED BELGIAN DIPLOMAT, ARRIVING AT BRUSSELS.

Foul play being suspected, the body of Baron de Borchgrave, First Secretary of the Belgian Embassy in Madrid, who lost his life in Spain, was exhumed by the Spanish authorities. It was established that he had been murdered. The body was conveyed to Alicante, brought to France by a French warship, and thence sent to Belgium. The Belgian Government has demanded the punishment of the guilty persons and the payment of an indemnity.

POLICE ACTIVITIES: FIGHTING FIRE, ACCIDENT, GAS AND GANGSTER.



RAISING A WALL OF WATER IN A BERLIN SQUARE: A FEATURE OF THE FIRE-BRIGADE DISPLAY ON "POLICE DAY" IN BERLIN.

Berlin's police force, it will be seen, is alive to the advantages of favourable publicity, which is, doubtless, calculated to inspire citizens with additional confidence in the guardians of public order. "Police Day" in Berlin was the occasion for a most interesting display of historic police



PICTURESQUE GERMAN POLICE: A DISPLAY OF OLD UNIFORMS, THREE-CORNERED AND STOVE-PIPE HATS, IN A MARCH-PAST ON BERLIN'S "POLICE DAY."

uniforms, among them some notable examples of the development of the stove-pipe hat and the "pickelhaube." Other public services also took advantage of the occasion to demonstrate their efficiency, notably the Berlin Fire Brigade.



THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST ROAD DEATHS: A NEW PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY UNDER THE WATFORD BY-PASS—BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN ENGLAND.

More and more attention is being paid to the problem of allowing pedestrians to cross main roads in safety. As the result of a visit to Westway, Shepherd's Bush, which had become notorious for the number of accidents occurring there, the Minister of Transport recommended the erection of overhead pedestrian bridges, among other things. Here we illustrate what is claimed to be the first pedestrian subway to be built under a by-pass road in England.



THE LONDON CORPORATION'S FIRST GAS DECONTAMINATION PRACTICE: A SQUAD IN MASKS AND OVERALLS AT WORK IN LAMBETH.

What was stated to be the first fully-trained gas decontamination squad of the Corporation of the City of London carried out a dress rehearsal of decontaminating and sealing a gas-bomb crater on some waste land in Lambeth recently. They wore helmets of yellow oiled silk tucked into black overalls, with yellow gloves and gum-boots. The leader carried a stick tipped with detector paint for locating the contaminated areas. They sprinkled white powder on the area and filled in the crater.



THE READINESS OF THE BRITISH POLICE TO TEST EVERY FORM OF MODERN IMPROVEMENT IN EQUIPMENT: CORNERING AN ARMED "CRIMINAL" DURING TRIALS OF A NEW ARMoured POLICE CAR WITH BULLET-PROOF GLASS.

Proof that the Home Office is determined to experiment with all new inventions in order to improve the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police was given recently, when tests were carried out with a new type of police car. This is a fast, armoured, Chrysler saloon. It is fitted with glass windows two inches thick, having loopholes through which rifles could be used from a pivot. The tests were conducted by the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. It was



DISARMING THE "GANGSTER," WHILE A POLICE RIFLE-MAN COVERS HIS CONFEDERATES: POLICE USING A LOOPHOLED, BULLET-PROOF-GLASS WINDOW, THE ARMoured DOOR OF THE CAR SERVING AS A SHIELD.

stated, however, that there was "no question of American methods being introduced into the British police forces." The speed and the bullet-proof protection of the car were naturally of great interest to the authorities. A demonstration was held in London of how armed criminals using a motor-car could be safely stopped and forced to surrender. At the same time, tests were carried out with a new type of wireless car made by Hillman.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



VICTORS IN THE INTERNATIONAL RUGGER MATCH AGAINST WALES: THE ENGLISH FIFTEEN, WHOSE FORWARDS WERE PARTICULARLY STRONG; WINNERS BY 4-3.

The names of the English players seen above are: (l. to r., back row) D. A. Campbell (Cambridge University; forward), T. F. Huskisson (Old Merchant Taylors; forward), D. L. K. Milman (Bedford; forward), A. Wheatley (Coventry; forward), R. E. Prescott (Harlequins; forward), A. C. Butler (Harlequins; three-quarter); (middle row) H. S. Sever (Sale; three-quarter), P. Cranmer (Richmond; three-quarter), H. B. Toft (Waterloo; forward), H. G. Owen-Smith (St. Mary's Hospital; back, captain), R. J. Longland (Northampton; forward), W. H. Weston (Northampton; forward), P. L. Candler (St. Bartholomew's; three-quarter); and (front row) T. A. Kemp (Cambridge; half-back), and J. L. Giles (Coventry; half-back).



DEFEATED IN THE INTERNATIONAL RUGGER MATCH AT TWICKENHAM: THE WELSH FIFTEEN, WHOSE DEFENCE PROVED EXTREMELY STURDY; LOSERS BY ONLY ONE POINT.

The names of the Welsh players seen above are: (l. to r., back row) W. Wooller (Cardiff; three-quarter back), H. Thomas (Neath; forward), D. L. Thomas (Neath; forward), J. Lang (Llanelli; forward), T. J. Rees (Newport; forward), Bryn Evans (Newport; forward), E. Evans (Llanelli; forward); (middle row) E. Long (Swansea; forward), A. M. Rees (London Welsh; forward), V. G. J. Jenkins (London Welsh; full-back), E. C. Davey (London Welsh and Swansea; three-quarter, captain), J. Idwal Rees (Swansea; three-quarter), W. H. Clement (Llanelli; three-quarter), and (in front) W. T. H. Davies (Swansea; half-back) and H. Tanner (Swansea; half-back).



GENERAL GÖRING'S VISIT TO ITALY: THE GERMAN PREMIER AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI WATCHING A DISPLAY BY YOUNG FASCISTS.

General Goring left Berlin for his holiday in Italy on January 12, accompanied by his wife. He was welcomed in Rome with great ceremony, Signor Mussolini being at the station in person, with leading Fascists. General Goring attended a number of public functions, including a shooting party on the Royal preserves. He had several conversations with Signor Mussolini, in which the policy of Italy and Germany on Spain was discussed, and notably the replies to the British note.



BISHOP KNOX.

For seventeen years Bishop of Manchester. Died January 16; aged eighty-nine. Ordained in 1870, he became incumbent of Kibworth Beauchamp in 1884, and Vicar of Aston, Birmingham, in 1891. Shortly afterwards he was promoted to be Bishop Suffragan of Coventry. He was nominated to the See of Manchester in 1903, resigning in 1920.



SIR PETER BARK.

Managing Director of the Anglo-International Bank and a well-known figure in International Finance. Died January 16; aged sixty-seven. Was the last Minister of Finance in Tsarist Russia, later coming to London. Met Mr. Lloyd George and M. Ribot in the financial conferences in 1915, when the Allies decided to pool their financial resources.



SIR LEICESTER HARMSWORTH, BT.

A younger brother of Lords Northcliffe and Rothermere. Died, January 19. Sat in Parliament as a Liberal, for Caithness, for many years. He was noted for his philanthropic gifts.



MR. MARTIN JOHNSON, THE BIG GAME PHOTOGRAPHER.

The celebrated American film explorer and big game photographer. Died, after an air accident, on January 13. He first began to photograph the wild life of Africa in 1924.



MR. HAROLD SAMUEL.

The distinguished pianist. Died January 15; aged fifty-seven. He was pre-eminent as an interpreter of Bach. He had great success both in London and in the provinces, as well as in the Dominions and the U.S.A. and on the Continent.



SIR ARTHUR JOHNS.

Late Director of Naval Construction. Died January 13; aged sixty-three. Began his career as a shipwright apprentice. In charge of submarine designing, 1912, and was eminently successful in this work. Also designed rigid airships, destroyers, and cruisers.



MR. DE VALERA LEAVING LONDON, AFTER HOLDING CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DOMINIONS SECRETARY: THE FREE STATE LEADER AT EUSTON, WITH MR. DULANTY, THE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON.

Mr. de Valera, while on his way back to Zurich, where he had been receiving eye treatment from a specialist, broke his journey in London and had two meetings with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary for the Dominions, on January 14. An official statement described these meetings as "informal discussions on a number of matters affecting the relations between the two countries." They aroused much speculation, an improvement in Anglo-Irish relations being freely predicted.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE MODERN THRILLER.

TAKEN at its face value, the designation of "thriller" as applied to dramatic entertainment of the stage or screen might with justice be employed whenever the ultimate purpose of the play is to induce in the audience a state of keen excitement, nervous tension, and apprehension of danger—a state of imaginary panic in which the public, paradoxically, has always revelled. Actually, however, the word "thriller" is generally accepted as descriptive of the Grand Guignol nightmares or Frankenstein's monster. Rather, let us say, of their lineal descendants, for certainly the drama that draws its sustenance from the fields of mystery, violence and horror has undergone a drastic and interesting change.

The audience of to-day wants to believe in what it sees. Attuned to the ever more perilous adventure of life itself, the public's emotional escape in fictitious excitement cannot be effected without a sound basis of possibility and reality. Thus the "straight thrill," if I may call it so, of such pulse-stirring episodes as the historic ride into the Valley of Death in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" still remains closely akin to the classic thrills of the silent era, as, for instance, the chariot-race in "Ben Hur," which created a sensation when it was shown to the public more than ten years ago, and would, I think, emerge with flying colours from the test of comparison with the thrills of to-day. Its pace, the audacity

The thriller of the present eschews the supernatural, but plunges blithely into the sub-conscious, fishing in the troubled waters of the brain for the monsters which were formerly landed amidst the crucibles, the test-tubes, and whizz-banging electrical devices of the laboratory. The old Grand Guignol school, albeit one or two of its choicest

shiver, and the methods applied to the prince in the fairy-tale, who was actuated by a like desire, are not feasible—for you cannot pour a bucket of water filled with tiddlers over your audience; the search for the unusual, the eerie, and the macabre has turned to the tragic province of the warped brain. The fact that it leads through sombre avenues is no deterrent, for, actually, if one had the time or the equanimity for reflection during thrills, tragedy is seldom remote from them.

Recent stage successes have proved conclusively how a modern audience can be gripped and held by the study of an unbalanced mind, which, in its final manifestations, arrives at the same pitch of excitement achieved by the fictions of the Grand Guignol. When "Love from a Stranger," the new Max Schach production at the London Pavilion, was first shown, a woman's shriek pierced the tense silence of the auditorium when Miss Ann Harding flung open the only unlocked door of her temporary prison and revealed the figure of Mr. Basil Rathbone standing in utter stillness on the threshold. No spook, no monster, just a man. But a man whose homicidal mania, craftily masked, had been revealed in all its ruthless lust and cruelty to his wife, helplessly delivered into his murderous hands. The shriek that greeted this terrible, but possible, situation was an eloquent tribute to the fear-compelling power of the modern thriller. "Love from a Stranger," Mr. Frank Vosper's well-known stage play, based on a short story by Mrs. Agatha Christie, was selected by Trafalgar Films for Miss Ann Harding's entry into British pictures and brought to the screen, with all the care befitting the occasion, polished settings in London, Paris, and rural England, accurate detail, and a good supporting cast. Under the direction of Mr. Rowland V. Lee, the story of the romantic young lady who, after winning a big lottery prize, loses her heart to a charming stranger, begins at a leisurely pace. Mr. Basil Rathbone has time to lift the mask of urbanity and devotion just sufficiently to vouchsafe a hint of the truth to the audience, though not to his intended victim, to whom Miss Harding lends that frank and unsuspecting nature which walks blindfold into a trap.

The deliberate tempo is justified, for the killer baits his trap with circumspection, and his self-control is not yet at breaking-point. Mr. Rathbone and Miss Harding, playing with restraint and skill into each other's hands, create an atmosphere already vibrant with danger, yet seemingly quiescent—the pause before the storm. Down in the lonely old Kentish manor-house the storm bursts, and all the hounds of terror and of madness are unleashed. Here is no place, no time for under-statement, and the two stars go into battle, the one in gloating anticipation of the kill, the other in desperate bluff, with whole-hearted vigour. It is a struggle lashed into hysterical frenzy, gloves off, claws out, nerves a-quiver. And because it remains within the range of the possible, it leaves the old-time thriller panting in the rear.

"O.H.M.S.," AT THE TIVOLI: A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE BRITISH ARMY CO-OPERATED; SHOWING SOLDIERS DRESSED AS BANDITS SWARMING OVER A CHINESE BRIDGE BUILT OVER THE AVON IN WILTSHIRE!

A number of regiments co-operated with Gaumont-British in the making of "O.H.M.S." These included the Royal Warwicks, the Queen's, the Loyals, the R.A., and the Engineers. They take the part of a relieving force sent to rescue a British consul held captive by Chinese bandits, and also impersonate the bandits on occasion. The Chinese bridge seen above is blown up in the most realistic way by the retreating bandits, and, thereupon, Royal Engineers are forced to erect a temporary bridge under heavy fire.

tit-bits were gathered in the grimmer walks of life, made great play with scientific miracles which, if they ignored the limits of the credible, did achieve the desired effect of reducing men and women to a palpitating pulp of frayed nerves. So, too, did the long list of Boris Karloff creations—the synthetic men, the walking corpses, the blood-sucking vampires, creatures of an eerie, of the storm and the night,

unreal world, emanations ghouls of the cemetery. Mr. Karloff himself, however, has gradually suffered a sea-change, and emerged from the swathings of grotesque make-up into the comparative commonplace of an initially gentle scientist who, once again with the aid of innumerable switches and the elaborate paraphernalia of a supercharged laboratory, was able to perform conjuring tricks with minds.

One was glad to see Mr. Karloff enfranchised of his monstrous trappings, for he is a good actor. Moreover, "The Man Who Changed His Mind" made an effort to balance the incredible with well-observed characterisations, and even persuaded its theme into a frame of slightly satirical modernity. Yet the theme remained essentially of the kind which the reviewer precludes with the words: "Once you have accepted the idea that..." Therein lies the difficulty. The modern film-goer, well versed in all the intricacies of the radio, on intimate terms with the marvels of television, product, in a word, of a highly mechanised age, is a shrewd individual who cannot be fooled by bubbling fluids, flustered by fizzing electrical fireworks, or coaxed by intricate gauges and gadgets into accepting a palpably incredible proposition. And thus the bottom falls out of the supernatural "thriller." Still, however, the public wants to



THRILLS PROVIDED BY THE ARMY IN "O.H.M.S.": CONSTRUCTING A BRIDGE UNDER FIRE FROM SNIPERS, A SCENE IN WHICH MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS GAVE PROOF OF CONSIDERABLE SCREEN TALENT.

of its camera-work, and, above all, the complete and ruthless realism of crashing chariots, interlocking wheels, and straining horses urged hell-for-leather round a vast arena, with Ramon Novarro and Francis X. Bushman in deadly rivalry, gripped the audience, held it spellbound, and sent the same shivers of anticipated disaster down its spine as does First National's exciting version of the Balacava blunder now showing at the Carlton. The famous chariot-race might possibly, in revival, be seen to fall a trifle short of the brilliant timing and cutting that achieve a terrific cumulative power in the charge of the 17th Lancers, for in all justice to the direction of Mr. Michael Curtiz, it should be recognised that his masterly handling of the scene augments its shattering realism. As an example of cinematic craft the charge is superb, and in its preparation for a major thrill it has never been excelled. Nerves start to tingle when the gallant Six Hundred advance at walking pace, steadily, quietly, but with ominous determination. The tempo quickens as they break into a canter, and—suddenly—lances levelled (breath-taking moment!), the cavalcade hurls itself at a gallop at the Russian lines—into the cannon's mouth! Speaking for myself, these two deliberate thrills of the kinema—the chariot-race of 1925, the charge of 1936—have reached the top notch of excitement, and reached it, what is more, on much the same foundation of completely convincing realism. These things have happened; these thrills are inherent in actuality, these dangers can be encountered; therefore they retain their power to impress and to galvanise the audience into that satisfying state of agitation over perils vicariously shared.

The "thriller" proper, on the other hand, has acquired an entirely new complexion to meet the desire for authenticity in a public not so easily bamboozled as of yore, nor so ready to accept the spooks of yesterday. The new "thriller," I suspect, cunningly sets out to flatter a general, if superficial, preoccupation with psychology, or, if I may so put it, the fashionable tendency to flirt with Freud.



"LOVE FROM A STRANGER," ON THE SCREEN AT THE LONDON PAVILION: ANN HARDING, AS THE INNOCENT WIFE, SURPRISED AT A STRANGE DISPLAY OF IRRITATION BY HER HUSBAND (BASIL RATHBONE), WHO REFUSES TO LET CERTAIN ARTICLES OF LUGGAGE GO OUT OF HIS HANDS; BUT STILL UNAWARE OF HIS HOMICIDAL MANIA.

"Love from a Stranger" is the film of the highly successful play of that name. It is a very cleverly produced piece of Grand Guignol. Donald Calthrop is seen as the gardener in the above group.

CIVILISATION THE DESTROYER.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SAVAGE CIVILISATION": By TOM HARRISSON.*

(PUBLISHED BY GOLLANCZ.)

IF the reader can overcome a style that is by no means free from affectations, he will find in Mr. Harrison's book a most absorbing study of native life and a whole drama—not to say, tragedy—of colonial history. The author's experience of the New Hebrides is surely unique. In 1932, when roving in Borneo, he was invited to join the Oxford University Expedition to the New Hebrides as biologist. When the expedition ended in 1933, he stayed on for a year (at a cost, he tells us, of £4) and "went native," living "mostly among people who were still eating each other." With a companion from Australia, he engaged in "meteorological and sexological" studies, and made many excursions into untravelled country and among unknown mountain peoples with a Sakan tribesman (Ragh) as his sole companion. He was then employed for six months by the Government as an acting district agent, commissioned to report on conditions in north Malekula (of which little was known), "and there attempt pacification by friendly means." "Life was an ascending fantasy. To fail in two universities and come out on behalf of a third whom (sic) I had just assaulted in print; to come out as a biologist; deflower the highest peak, last virgin thing; to drift into bushcomber, 'going native'; rise from the ranks to a signed-up civil servant sworn to bring about the end of the savagery which I most admired"—well, this was the sort of thing of which Hollywood, if it was alive to its opportunities, was bound to hear. It did hear, and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, arrived in a super-yacht. Mr. Harrison gives a highly amusing account of that extraordinary apparition in Bushman Bay—"Doug. was a terrific impact, set-off to all this civilised savagery"—and of his strenuous experiences in trying "to get 20,000 feet of native film." Retiring, not without relief, from the film-star business, Mr. Harrison spent six months—very fruitful, as this volume witnesses—in supplementing personal experience and observation by study of the large literature of the New Hebrides.

The result is not only a singularly penetrating revelation of primitive mind and habit, but one of the most damning indictments we have ever read of the effects of white on black civilisation. Mr. Harrison scouts as myth and pose the notion that it is impossible for the "civilised" mind to understand the "primitive" mind; only a slight readjustment of standards, he maintains,

fear of spirits, though a considerable factor, do not seem to enter as much into the lives of these people as of most primitives. The climax, comparatively infrequent, of tribal observance is the ritual human sacrifice. At Matanavat they do not eat human flesh; but among the Big Nambas of the highlands of Malekula, the slain enemy is devoured by every man of the tribe—Mr. Harrison describes the rite with a particularity of detail which we will here spare the reader. There are other aspects which may not seem attractive to persons more squeamish than Mr. Harrison, whose he-manly unsqueamishness, suggestive of the Hemingway-Falconer school, sometimes seems to us a little forced and theatrical. There is, of course, filth everywhere. Still, a full, lively, exciting life. "Every man had more than

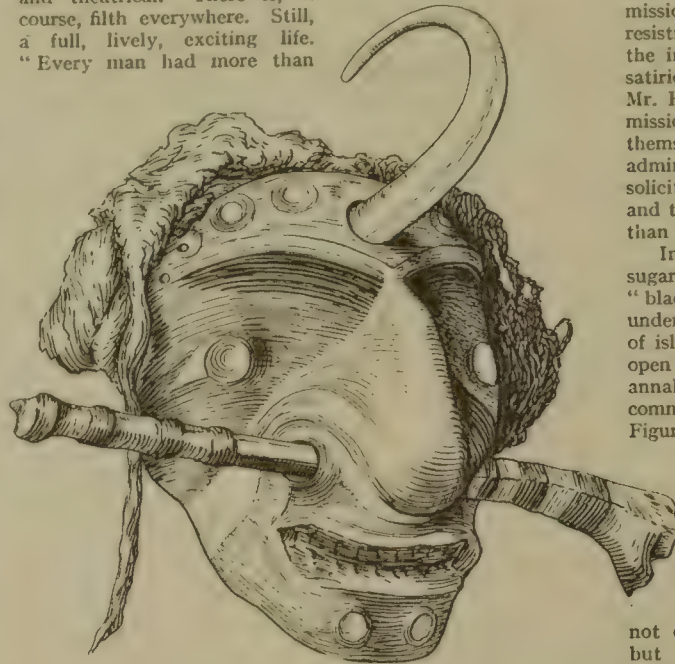
which has been the doom of the New Hebrides. Sandalwood, very popular in the East, was the first incentive. It was discovered in large quantities on the islands and a profitable trade in it was carried on from Australia. It led to open warfare on the natives and ruthless slaughter on both sides. With the exception, perhaps, of actual cannibalism, the methods of the traders were more barbarous than those of the invaded savages; it is impossible, for example, to imagine any expedient more diabolical than the deliberate introduction of epidemics, which devastated the islanders in thousands. This and many similar practices were common. The missionaries soon arrived, to bring another blessing of civilisation. Mr. Harrison gives lively character-sketches of some of the missionary pioneers, many of whom died bravely and unresistingly at the hands of cannibals. While fully alive to the incongruities of missionary enterprise, and amusingly satirical of some of its mischievous and paradoxical aspects, Mr. Harrison on the whole commends the labours of the missionaries—but not entirely for reasons which they themselves would welcome. They are, he observes with admiration, the only persons who show real and devoted solicitude for the cruelly undermined health of the natives, and their real value lies in ministrations to the body rather than to the soul.

In the 1860's, sandalwood gave place to Queensland sugar, and now began the long and shameful period of "blackbirding." With the sanction of legislation, and under the thin disguise of contract, the "recruitment" of island labour for the Australian plantations became an open and notorious slave-traffic. Nothing in the hideous annals of West Africa can exceed some of the enormities committed by the riff-raff who were engaged in this trade. Figures like Timber-toe Proctor, Ross Lewin and Bully

Hayes (whose name became a by-word on all the oceans of the world) could hardly be surpassed in the pages of picaresque fiction. Despite repeated exposure and protest, this scandal continued until 1903, when it was ended chiefly through the efforts of one determined man, Samuel Griffith, who deserves a special niche in British history not only as the founder of the Australian constitution, but as a courageous and practical humanitarian. Not the least of his distinctions is that for many years the planters and blackbirders drank deep to the toast of "Damn Sam Griffith!"

Throughout these years, the French were competing, by equally unscrupulous methods, with the British for influence and commercial advantage in the islands. The result of long rivalry was the establishment of the Condominium, which was heralded as a great achievement of international co-operation. Mr. Harrison's opinion of it is summarised in his sobriquet, "Pandemonium Government." If all his criticisms are justified, the result of co-government is no-government. Geneva, please note.

In sum, the incursion of the white man, combined with the present incursion of the yellow man, has meant for these Pacific islands devastation on the grand scale. It is estimated that the population of the New Hebrides in 1800 was not less than a million. In 1911 it had sunk to 65,000, in 1920 to 59,000, and in 1935 to 45,000. The natives, inured to endemic diseases like malaria, have no resistance to exotic diseases which elsewhere are comparatively trivial: epidemics like mumps, influenza and especially measles have mown them down in swathes.



A MASK, WITH SPIDER'S WEB HAIR, WORN ON THE LEG! A KNEE-PAD USED IN DANCES OF A GRADED SOCIETY IN SOUTH MALEKULA, NEW HEBRIDES.

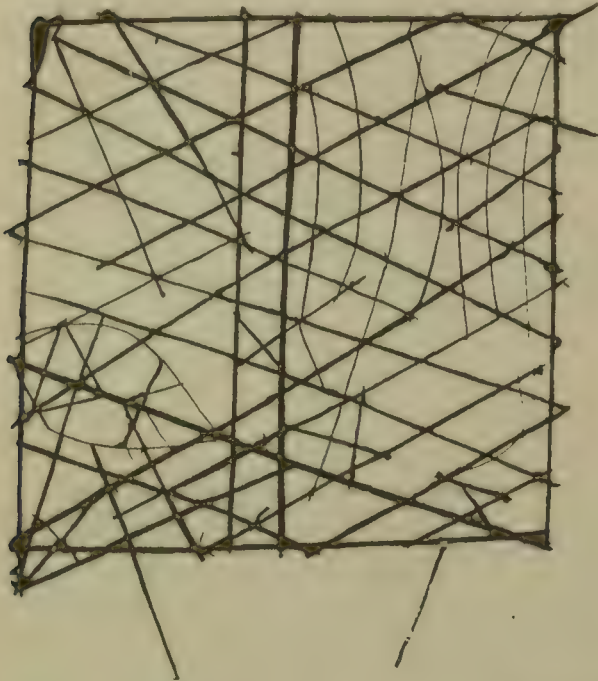
"The unicorn effect is from a pig's tusk. Human bone through the un-Melanesian nose. Spider's-web hair. Four colours. Eight inches high."

Illustrations Reproduced from "Savage Civilisation." By Tom Harrison. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

enough for himself and success; each one could do everything that was necessary. Pig business gave another motive, constant zig-zag personal progression, timed on growth of tusk not to be hurried or made. Around this growth they centred full cycle (far more than I can here describe) of peace and war, drama, dance, religion and resurrection, and a striving for highness up a broad ladder into the blue, until a man may reach so high that he is above tabu or tradition, he is not of earth, he is a hawk or a frigate bird, he may do a new thing."

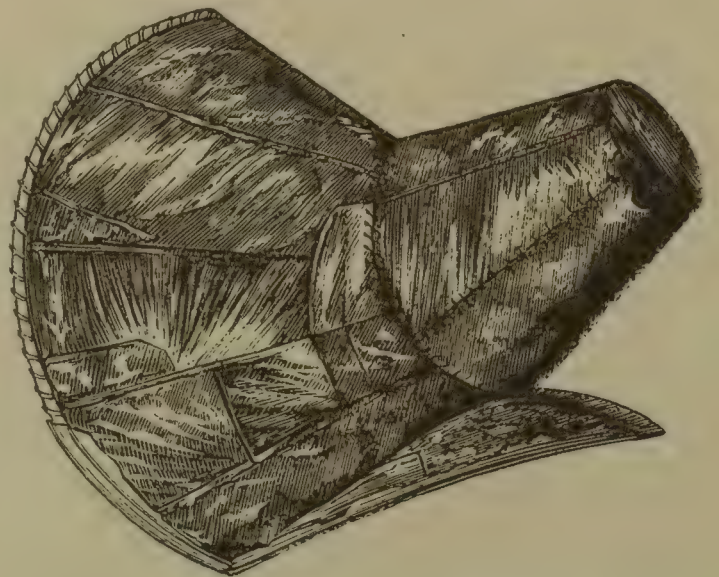
In some such condition as this, in 1606, on the island which was christened Espiritu Santo, the New Hebrideans were found by Pedro Fernandez de Quiros—who believed that he had also found an antipodean continent and an El Dorado. Of this, "almost the last of Spain's incredible explorers," Mr. Harrison gives a deeply interesting sketch. To this bold dreamer, the entire Pacific was the "Gulf of Our Lady of Loretto"; but he realised none of his visions, neither of wealth nor of conquest, among the formidable tracts and the irreconcilable tribes of the Hebrides, and he sailed away to a life and death of unfulfilment. A hundred and sixty years elapsed before another European, Bougainville, arrived on a voyage of exploration; but his, too, was a brief visit. In 1774 James Cook arrived, and gave the islands their present name. Cook, usually successful in handling unfriendly natives, fell foul of the New Hebrideans and first taught them the power of the "smoking stick"—a melancholy landmark in their history, Mr. Harrison suggests. At the end of the eighteenth century, Bligh, of the *Bounty*, and La Perouse also touched at the islands, but made no long stay or investigation.

So far, the white man had made little impression on these Melanesians, who regarded him with hostility, but also with some of the awe due to a strange and probably supernatural creature. The savages were soon to be disillusioned about any noble qualities which they attributed to this demigod. In 1828 began the period of exploitation



OF A TYPE USED IN THE PACIFIC BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST; A NATIVE NAVIGATIONAL CHART MADE OF STICKS AND TWINE; SHOWING WIND, CURRENT, AND SAILING ROUTE. "Long before the Norman Conquest of Britain canoe voyages were made over this 20,000,000 square miles of ocean which . . . make the Odyssey seem like an incident. They made wind and tide charts with grass blades and sticks; had a coconut sextant; much astronomical lore and nomenclature."—[After Percy Smith, *Polynesia*.]

will enable us to find the elements which all humanity, white and black, sophisticated and unsophisticated, forward and backward, shares in common. Whether this be generally true or not, Mr. Harrison himself has certainly succeeded, in a remarkable degree, in making this shift of perspective. Basing himself on the little community of Matanavat, he begins with a reconstruction of the aboriginal life of the islands. It is represented as a life of hard work, health and sufficiency, with love, war (not very destructive), initiations, and ritual dance and feast as the "high spots." The social code is governed strictly by tradition and *quid pro quo*; the economic basis is pigs and shell-money; there is a social "ladder," leading to wealth, wives and power, which every man is ambitious to climb. So far as there is a religion, it vaguely centres in a beneficent creator-spirit, Tagaro; sorcery and the



A SABBATH BONNET MADE ENTIRELY OF TURTLE-SHELL BY CHRISTIAN CONVERTS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES: A CURIOUS BY-PRODUCT OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

Mr. Harrison strenuously combats the popular theory that the causes of this racial decline are inherent in the tribes themselves; the white man, he maintains, with all he stands for, has been the Angel of Death. If it is so, the White Man's Burden is heavy indeed—at all events, in the scales of judgment.

* "Savage Civilisation." By Tom Harrison. With 99 illustrations. (Victor Gollancz; 16s.)

IN THE NEW HEBRIDES: NATIVE LIFE AND MUSIC; SPIDER-WEB CLOTHING.

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM "SAVAGE CIVILISATION." BY TOM HARRISSON. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. VICTOR GOLLANCZ, LTD. (SEE REVIEW ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



IN A YAM GARDEN, WITH YAM VINES GROWING UP TRAINING POLES: NATIVES OF SANTO (ESPIRITU SANTO ISLAND), INHABITING THE WEST SIDE OF THE BAY OF ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES, WHERE QUIROS IN 1606 DISCOVERED HIS TERRA AUSTRALIS.



TYPES OF WOMANHOOD AND CHILDHOOD IN THE NEW HEBRIDES: WOMEN WITH MOURNING HEAD-DRESSES, AND A CHILD WHO IS A CHIEF'S DAUGHTER AND IS SEEN WEARING A VALUABLE ARMLET MADE OF SHELL-HEAD.



WHERE SPIDERS ARE A SOURCE OF DRESS MATERIAL, AND SPECIAL CONES ARE PUT UP IN HOUSES FOR THEM TO SPIN ON: A NATIVE DANCER CLAD ENTIRELY IN A CLOAK MADE OF SPIDER'S WEB.



WITH SPIDER'S-WEB HAIR, AND MASK KNEE-PADS OF THE TYPE ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: A RAMBAMP EFFIGY OF A DEAD CHIEF FROM SOUTH MALEKULA, MADE OF FIBRE OVER A WOODEN FRAME.



THE ONLY STONE EFFIGY KNOWN IN THE NEW HEBRIDES: A FIGURE DESCRIBED AS "TUROSA" FOUND IN THE DEEP JUNGLE ON THE GREAT CRATER ISLAND OF GAUA (OR SANTA MARIA ISLAND).



AT THE EDGE OF A DANCING GLADE: MEN AMONG SACRIFICIAL STONES AND SLIT-GONGS—ONE OF TEN KINDS OF NATIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOUND IN THE NEW HEBRIDES, AMONG WHICH ARE ALSO THE PAN-PIPE, NOSE FLUTE, AND MUSICAL BOW.



"THE CANNIBAL SMILE, PLUS NOSE-STICK, TORTOISE-SHELL EAR-RINGS AND ORCHIS-STEM NECKLACE": ISLANDERS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES, WHERE PARTICIPATION IN HUMAN FLESH IS A COMMUNAL RITE "AT THE EXPENSE OF THE ENEMY COMMUNITY."

In connection with cannibalism in the New Hebrides Mr. Tom Harrison writes: "The important feature is the communal nature of the participation. However much he dislikes the taste, a member of the community *must* partake, and in so doing a vague 'power' is added to the whole community. This addition is at the expense of the enemy community, whose spiritual and ideal life is interfered with by this treatment of one among its dead. Biologically, cannibalism has not now much significance, because people are not killed specifically to be eaten. Bodies are always divided

and sent out to other villages on all cannibal occasions. The recipient of a portion has, of course, to reciprocate it or lose face; this is the cause of many apparently pointless wars; it has also caused the sudden murders of unsuspecting whites." Regarding native music, the author writes: "Music is used almost exclusively with dancing, not as a thing in itself. There are ten sorts of musical instruments, notably the slit-gong, pan-pipe, nose flute and musical bow. . . . Gong music depends on volume, rhythm, and incessant clamouring for physical action."

MAN'S MASTERY OF THE AIR: ITS AMAZING GROWTH IN

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

THIRTY-THREE YEARS, SINCE THE FIRST WRIGHT FLIGHT.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS



THE RESULT OF A PIONEER'S TWELVE SECONDS IN THE AIR IN DECEMBER 1903: THE AEROPLANE

The decision of this country to strengthen its Air Force until it is indisputably a master power, the putting into effect of projects for a Transatlantic Air Service, Squadron-Leader Swain's record-breaking ascent into the stratosphere, progress in the United States, and the building up of great Continental Air Forces, in Germany, France, Russia, and Italy particularly, made 1936 a notable year in the history of aviation. Here we illustrate stages marking the growth of mechanical flight, enabling an idea to be formed of the amazing distance, technically speaking,

which separates the early heavier-than-air machines from the modern aeroplane. And yet the aeroplane is but thirty-three years old, taking its birthday as that December day in 1903 when Orville Wright remained in the air for twelve seconds. Our pictorial record shows that for years aeroplanes were not regarded as of great military importance; and even in 1914 were employed by the combatants almost entirely for reconnaissance purposes. The Henri Farman was the first widely used machine. An early type is illustrated under the year 1907. The

IN THE EARLIES AND AS IT IS AT THE PRESENT TIME, A VITAL FACTOR IN PEACE AND IN WAR.

aeroplane designed and built by Mr. A. V. Roe was the first successful heavier-than-air flying-machine constructed by a British subject. His early machines included a canard biplane flying tail first, and, later, he constructed a series of triplanes (one of which is illustrated in "1907-11"); and then a successful tractor biplane. As long ago as 1912 he produced the first British totally enclosed biplane. Maurice Farman machines figured both at the French Military Trials in 1911 and at the subsequent British Military Trials. The 1913 type had two rectangular

tail-planes and was known affectionately as "the mechanical cow"; the same year came the first "shorthorn", developing into the carefully streamlined "shorthorn" with a raised nacelle and a single tail-plane. Short developed a number of early "pusher" aeroplanes. In 1909 he produced a semi-Wright biplane on which Mr. Moore-Brabazon won the "Daily Mail" £1000 prize for the first mile flight on an extended circuit on a British aeroplane. Blériot's "Type XI" was the prototype of all his famous machines.

MORE COTMAN DISCOVERIES— SKETCHES AS "BACKINGS":

ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY JOHN SELL COTMAN (1782-1842), THE FAMOUS NORWICH PAINTER, USED BY HIM AS STIFFENERS AT THE BACK OF FINISHED DRAWINGS: ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES, AND IDENTIFICATIONS OF SUBJECTS.

By SYDNEY D. KITSON. (See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

IN *The Illustrated London News* of Sept. 19 last I was told the story of how discoveries had been made of sketches by John Sell Cotman: of how Mr. Kennedy North, the well-known expert, when overhauling and conserving the wonderful collection of Cotman water-colours belonging to Mr. Russell Colman at Crown Point, Norwich, had found pasted to the backs of no fewer than eight of these drawings unfinished sketches by the artist. It seems that Cotman mounted his own drawings and that he sometimes used as stiffeners behind them old scraps of paper on which he had begun, and afterwards abandoned, some other subject. The first of these discoveries, which was illustrated in the issue of Sept. 19, was a view of a building on a wooded bluff, with cattle watering in a pond below. This view has since been identified, by means of a pencil sketch in another collection, as Gilling Castle, near Helmsley, in Yorkshire. This superb drawing, done, if we may judge by its technique and handling, in 1804 or 1805, was thrown aside unfinished. Twenty-five years later it became the "stiffener" for Cotman's famous drawing of Crosby Hall, which is dated 1830. It seems, therefore, that Cotman was in the habit, over a considerable number of years, of using up his old sketches—unsaleable because of their lack of finish—as material for mounting his more elaborate drawings.

Further evidence has come to light which shows that this practice was begun very early in Cotman's career as an artist; and although the sketches here illustrated cannot vie in importance with those found in the Crown Point collection, yet they corroborate Cotman's methods as exemplified in our previous article. A seascape—surely one of the earliest of a long series of such subjects—is signed and dated 1801 (No. 3), when the artist was nineteen years old.

When this drawing was held up to a strong light it was noticed that there was a sketch on the face of the mount below (No. 4). Here Cotman, extemporising for his own amusement, and with the belief that no other eye would ever see his scribble, has drawn the head of a girl resting upon a plate and surrounded by foliage. Below there is a landscape in vignette and his own name in full, "John Sell Cotman, 1801," written in his most flamboyant script.

Another water-colour drawing by Cotman, also dated 1801 (No. 5), depicts shipping moored at the bank of a tidal river. It was



1. "PETER NORTON, AGED 18": A DRAWING BY J. S. COTMAN, SIGNED AND DATED JUNE 17, 1800—A PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND WHO MAY ALSO BE THE SUBJECT OF NO. 6 (ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE), DRAWN A YEAR LATER.

Peter Norton (1782-1868), born in the same year as Cotman, was the son of James Norton, bookseller, of Bristol. He became a picture-dealer and afterwards lived in Soho Square, London, where Cotman dined with him in 1834. In 1799 Cotman had become acquainted in London with James Norton's brother, a stationer in Soho Square, and through him visited James in Bristol in 1800, when he drew pencil portraits of all the family. The above drawing is in the collection of Mrs. Mitchell, of Danbury, Essex, who has ten portraits of the Norton family pasted into "The History and Antiquities of the City of Bristol," by William Barrett, Surgeon, F.S.A. (the dupe of Chatterton), 1789.

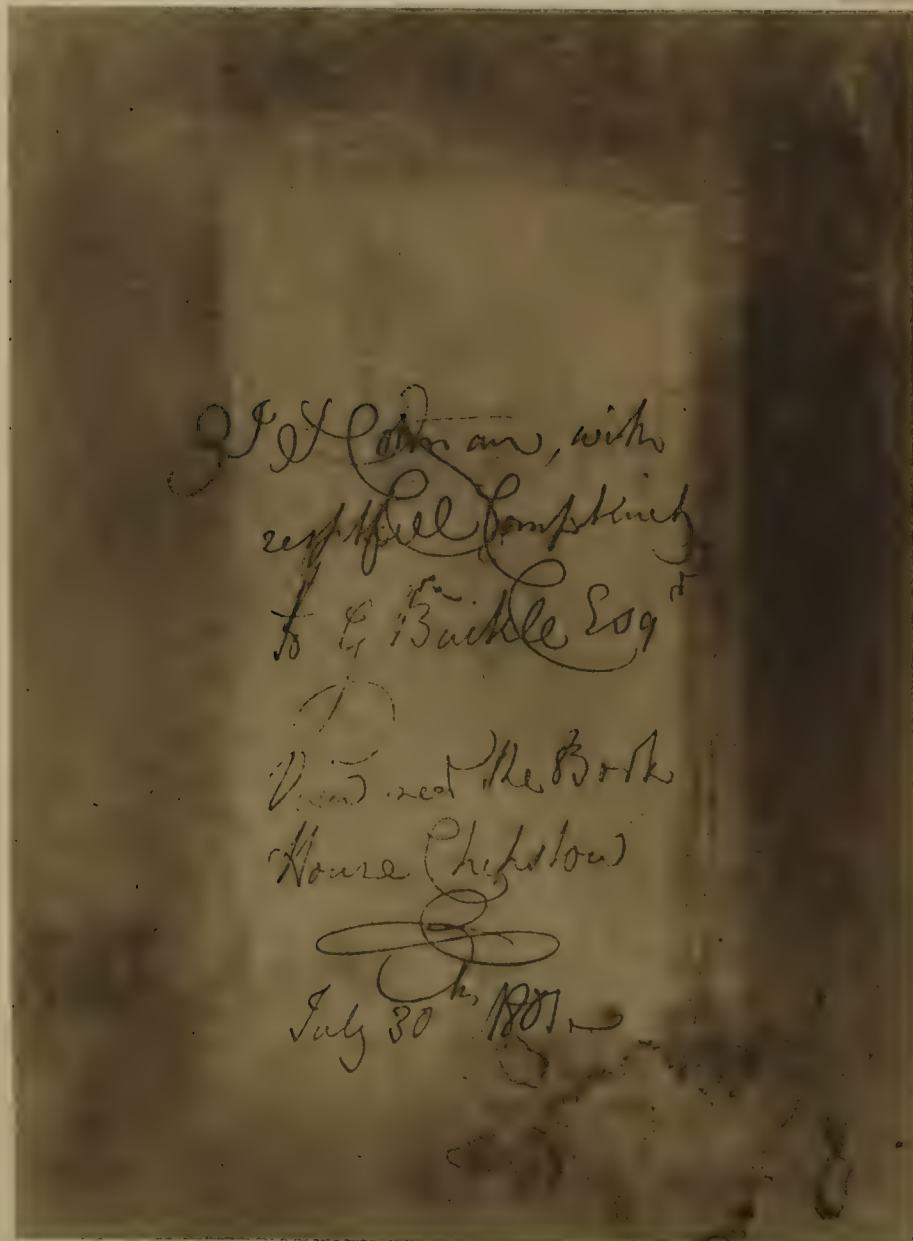
found to have no fewer than four "stiffeners" below it. The first of these (No. 2) contained a statement of the gift of the drawing to "G. Buckle, Esq.," its title, and the date, July 30, 1801. Below this first backing were two blank leaves, and then still another sheet of paper on which there was the portrait of a youth, drawn in

pencil and finished with a bluish wash (No. 6). There are two little pen-and-ink sketches underneath the portrait, the one, seemingly, of a battle, with three soldiers on either side, the other the wheel of a primitive coal-shaft and its attendant horse. At the bottom is the inscription, "Drawn between June 26 and 27 1801 at 12 o'clock midnight by J. S. Cotman."

Is it possible to identify the subject of this portrait? The theory that it is a self-portrait of Cotman must, I think, be ruled out. The fleshy nose (which is caricatured in the note to the right of the picture) is unlike the aquiline nose in the existing portraits of Cotman. But there is the definite possibility that it may be the portrait of Peter Norton, who had been drawn by Cotman just a year earlier, in June 1800 (No. 1). As a young man in London with his living to earn, Cotman made friends with the stationers and print-sellers, who would put the drawings of such artists in their shop windows. These drawings were bought by young ladies and copied by them, with a view to improving their practice in that elegant and then fashionable art of water-colour painting. One of the first people to befriend Cotman when he came up to London from Norwich, as a boy of seventeen, was a stationer called Norton, in Soho Square, who introduced the young artist to his brother, James Norton, a bookseller in Bristol. Cotman went there in June 1800, and drew pencil portraits of the whole family; and among them that of Peter Norton, who was then eighteen, and therefore of the same age as Cotman. If the two portraits be compared, it will be seen that there is a striking resemblance between them, allowing for the year's difference in age. It may well be that Cotman repeated his visit of 1800 to the Nortons at Bristol in the following year, and drew his contemporary once again.

2. (LEFT) THE FIRST OF THE FOUR "STIFFENERS" USED BY COTMAN IN BACKING HIS WATER-COLOUR REPRODUCED IN NO. 5 (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE): AN INSCRIPTION IN THE ARTIST'S OWN HAND.

The inscription reads: "J. S. Cotman, with respectful compliments to G. Buckle, Esq. View near the Book House, Chepstow. July 30th, 1801."



COTMAN'S CAST-OUTS, USED AS "STIFFENERS," CONCEALED IN MOUNTINGS.

ILLUSTRATIONS SUPPLIED BY SYDNEY D. KITSON. (SEE HIS ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



3. A WATER-COLOUR THAT CONCEALED, ON THE MOUNT BENEATH, THE SKETCH REPRODUCED IN NO. 4 (ADJOINING): A SEASCAPE BY J. S. COTMAN, SIGNED AND DATED 1801, PROBABLY ONE OF HIS EARLIEST.



4. DISCOVERED ON THE MOUNT BENEATH THE SEASCAPE SHOWN IN NO. 3, (ADJOINING): A FANCIFUL SKETCH OF A GIRL'S HEAD ON A PLATE, WITH A LANDSCAPE BELOW, SIGNED "JOHN SELL COTMAN, 1801."



5. FOUND TO HAVE FOUR "STIFFENERS" AT THE BACK, INCLUDING THE INSCRIPTION SHOWN IN NO. 2 (OPPOSITE PAGE) AND THE PORTRAIT IN NO. 6 (ADJOINING): A WATER-COLOUR OF SHIPPING SIGNED "J. S. COTMAN, 1801."



6. A "STIFFENER" IN THE BACKING OF THE WATER-COLOUR SEEN IN NO. 5 (ADJOINING): A PENCIL PORTRAIT (POSSIBLY PETER NORTON—SEE NO. 1) WITH PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES, SIGNED AND DATED 1801.

As recalled by Mr. Sydney Kitson in his interesting article on the opposite page, we published in our issue of September 19, 1936, several unknown sketches by John Sell Cotman, the famous Norwich artist, which had been used by him as backings for more elaborate and finished drawings, and had been detected, after more than a

century, during preservation work. We also reproduced the drawings beneath which these "stiffeners" came to light. Mr. Kitson has not only identified the subject of one of these new Cotman landscapes, but has also discovered a number of other examples, similarly utilised as mounts, which are here described and illustrated.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A FRENCH CLASSIC: THE GEORGES SEURAT EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

technique adopted by Seurat—the rendering of light and form by thousands of little points of colour, a most laborious and difficult method which the critics of the time said was like throwing confetti at the canvas.

which leave one gasping. Seurat's small oil sketches are painted with broad strokes of the brush, and are rapid, instantaneous notes done on the spot; it was from them that his large compositions were

THE art critic of the French daily *Le Figaro*, who held high the standard of orthodoxy in the 'seventies and 'eighties, appears to have had the mentality of our immortal Colonel Blimp. If a painter was not admitted to the Salon—the opposite number to the Royal Academy—he was, *ipso facto*, a "Communist fit for the firing squad." How modern it sounds, this antediluvian criticism, for indignant gentlemen still write to the papers protesting against the Bolshevisation of art: it's all sound and fury, signifying nothing, for what rouses their indignation are a few pretentious or silly or merely banal pictures of not the slightest importance; and then—if you are of an enquiring turn of mind, and take the trouble to find out what the real dyed-in-the-wool official Bolshevik artists are doing—you discover acres of dreary propaganda pictures, uninspired and pale reflections of the most boring tradition of Czarism. No, a first-class painter is not to be confined by a political formula; let the second-raters worry about



A FELLOW EXPERIMENTER WITH SEURAT REPRESENTED IN THE SEURAT EXHIBITION: "THE SEINE"—A WATER-COLOUR BY PAUL SIGNAC.

Indeed, so much fuss has been made about the painter's theories of light that the public has been in danger of thinking of him as a sort of fanatical demonstrator of laboratory physics. One can analyse Shakespeare's prosody with wonderful exactitude without discovering that he was a poet; and so it seems to me that one can divide up Seurat's canvases into their constituent parts without realising that he was a painter. Admitted that his vision of the world could only have been set down in that particular way, but what is important is surely the vision, and not merely the means he chose to express it. Judged by this standard, he seems to me to fit neatly enough into the great classical tradition of France, and to be no more a dangerous rebel than any of his forerunners. Indeed, he's more conservative than most, for his compositions are constructed upon formal, not to say rigid, lines, and are as finely balanced as anything by so severely classic a master as, say, Nicholas Poussin. This fundamental reverence for the great past, by the way, is really one of the

built up in the studio by his characteristic technique.

The exhibition contains some fifty drawings and paintings by Seurat himself, and includes numerous loans from English collectors, and also examples of the work of his contemporaries who followed his leadership and practised his theories. Several of these are names which will be entirely unfamiliar on this side of the Channel, and one or two are scarcely known in France itself—for example, a mysterious and very attractive painter called Hayet, whose Christian name has not yet been discovered and of whom all trace appears to be lost—a true Bohemian who has simply vanished into the void. Of the others, Paul Signac died as recently as 1935, and Henri Delavallée (b. 1862) is still living at Pont-Aven.

Seurat's method is no longer practised, partly because it demands a rigid discipline of which not many men are capable, and partly because it could not, in the nature of things, solve the eternal and formidable problem which every painter has to face for himself. As the catalogue points out: "The technique which the Impressionists had invented was of a spontaneous, individual, and transient character. It was well suited to the illustration of the passing moment, which they sought to catch and hold fast in a picture. Seurat, on the contrary, wished to make of individual improvisation a rule—of intuition an extremely definite scientific system. In codifying improvisation, he created a new discipline." In this exhibition is a unique opportunity to see exactly how he carried out his theories, and what his followers made of them.



A LONDON EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY SEURAT, FAMOUS AS THE EXPONENT OF "DIVISIONISM": "LE CIRQUE"—LENT BY THE LOUVRE.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Wildenstein.

Monarchy or Republic: your good man has his own kingdom, the kingdom of the mind. Among such alleged riff-raff, and as notably abused and misunderstood as any, was Georges Seurat, who died in 1891 at the age of thirty-two, and left behind him seven large compositions, several hundred drawings, and about forty small oil sketches. In his lifetime he sold two pictures, and two pictures only. He was puzzled about the price he should ask for one of them: as he put it, it had taken him a year to paint, and his living expenses were seven francs a day. "You see where that leads us," he wrote. "All I can say is that the personality of the buyer may compensate me for the difference between his price and mine." That picture, worth not 7 francs multiplied by 365, but several thousand pounds, is now in Philadelphia; "La Grande Jatte"—the most famous of all—is in Chicago; "The Bathing Place" is, to our great good fortune, safely in the Tate Gallery; another is at The Hague; and "The Circus," lent to this exhibition at Messrs. Wildenstein's, came miraculously to the Louvre, not by purchase by a proud and grateful native land, but as a legacy from an American connoisseur—the late Mr. J. Quinn.

Many tons of printer's ink have been spilt on both sides of the Atlantic in explaining the peculiar

most astonishing characteristics of all French so-called rebel painters—a most illuminating example is to be seen at Reid and Lefèvre's Gallery at the moment in the shape of a big landscape by the once much-abused Camille Pissarro, in every sense of the word an original masterpiece, and yet containing within itself almost the whole history of landscape: remarkable how sometimes a so-called second-rate painter achieves results



ANOTHER NEO-IMPRESSIONIST WHO USED A "POINTILLIST" TECHNIQUE: "LE QUAI DE LESSEPS, ROUEN"—BY DUBOIS-PILLET; AND DEDICATED TO PISSARRO.

Dubois-Pillet, an artist whose name will probably not be known to most of our readers, was at one time an officer in the gendarmerie in the Haut-Loire Department. He was vice-president of the Société des Indépendants. He died in 1890.

There is SUNSHINE

*A*T whatever season of the year you visit South Africa the sun will be there to bid you welcome and share your holiday.

Small wonder that this lovely land is for ever clothed in bright colours of Nature's fashioning. Small wonder her peoples possess in such a rare degree the natural joy of life or that visitors find health and happiness in such a warm and congenial atmosphere.

South Africa has always something worth while to show you. For example, there is the unique Kruger National Park with its 8,000 square miles of country wherein roam countless varieties of wild animals living under natural conditions. There are many other and varied interests and homely resorts along the seaboard for those who seek rest and recuperation.

Full particulars regarding travel in South Africa and illustrated literature of inclusive tours may be obtained from the South African Railways Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

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IN
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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

THE "SLUMP" OBSESSION.

IT is usually said that business memories are short, and that the lessons taught by one year are forgotten by the next. But in these days, the memories of the collapse of 1929 to 1931 seem so to have burnt themselves into the minds of the public and of its advisers, both theoretical and practical, that all the good news about present prosperity only makes them more apprehensive about the extent of the reaction which is supposed to be inevitable. We pick up a stockbroker's circular and find in it the view that every boom ends with a boomerang; a high-brow examination of the situation read by an economist before a learned society points out that slump after boom is part of the scheme of the universe, and that the only question is how soon the slump will begin, how long it will last, and how much ruin it will bring with it; and so on, until the marvel is that industry calmly goes on its way conquering fresh fields and piling up new records. It was, therefore, all the more refreshing to find Mr. Keynes, in the very interesting series of articles on "How to Avoid a Slump" which he lately contributed to *The Times*, saying: "It is also clear that we are well advanced on the upward slopes of prosperity—I will not say 'of the boom,' for boom is an opprobrious term, and what we are enjoying is desirable"; and again urging, in the last article of the series, that our main preoccupation should be, not so much with avoiding the perils of a "somewhat hypothetical boom," as with advance precautions against that sagging away of activity which, if allowed to cumulate after the usual fashion, will once again develop into a slump. "Too much alarm about a hypothetical boom," this distinguished authority adds, "will be just the way to make the slump inevitable. There is nothing wrong with the very moderate prosperity we now enjoy. Our object must be to stabilise it and to distribute it more widely, not to diminish it."

THE PRECEDENT OF 1929.

If Mr. Keynes thus disposes of the belief that we are now in an advanced stage of a dangerous boom, another distinguished economist goes even further when he expresses a doubt whether the disastrous slump which inflicted general ruin, and has left a trail of unwholesome pessimism behind it, happened in consequence of a preceding boom. Mr. Hubert Henderson, writing in *Lloyd's Bank* monthly review for December, pointed out that it is by no means as clear as is often supposed that booms serve to cause or to aggravate the depressions that follow them. We have, he continued, just emerged from the most intense and disastrous depression of modern times, "yet this depression was preceded by a period which, if it can fairly be called a boom at all, was, in its industrial aspects at least, a boom of the mildest character. Commodity prices in the years 1925-29 showed no strong upward tendency." (This, by the way, surely rather understates the facts; as I showed in my article last week, the *Economist* Index of wholesale commodity prices came down from 159.3 as an average for 1924, to 135.1 for 1928 and 127.2 for 1929.) "In Great Britain," Mr. Henderson went on, "the outstanding feature of the period was the prolonged depression of the staple exporting industries, entailing heavy and persistent unemployment. In other countries, it is true, economic development was rapid, particularly in the United States. But not even in the United States did we hear of a general shortage of labour, of difficulties in obtaining deliveries, or of any other indications that demand generally was running strongly in excess of supply. On the contrary, it was in the United States, in the height of her prosperity, that the phrase 'technological unemployment' was first coined. . . . Unquestionably there was a Stock Exchange boom which contributed not a little to the subsequent collapse; and there were many other unsound features of the economic equilibrium of 1925-29. But it remains

doubtful whether these features are appropriately summed-up by the general designation of boom."

THE REAL CAUSE.

To all investors it is of the highest importance that these apparently rather academic questions should be definitely understood and answered. All this talk about our being in a condition of boom, and about the end of a boom being necessarily a slump, induces a cautious and even pessimistic atmosphere, which has already had some effect on the stock markets (on the whole beneficial, by keeping them clean and healthy), and may, what is much more important, begin to have a damping influence on the progress of industry if it is allowed to proceed unanswered. As Mr. Keynes has already been quoted as saying,

we are not at all in a state of boom, but merely of moderate prosperity, which needs to be spread more widely; moreover, even if we were in a state of boom, the inevitability of a slump does not by any means follow; because it is not at all clear that the slump out of which we have lately struggled had been caused by a preceding boom, the existence of which is open to question. Now, opportunely enough, there comes from America a confirmation of a view that I have long cherished about the real cause of that slump. An article in the *Magazine of Wall Street*, quoted in a broker's circular that I am fortunate enough to receive regularly, reviews and questions many alleged causes of that collapse, one of which, the simplest of all, was the humorous suggestion that "some bankers got scared and called a loan." It points out finally that during the period that preceded the fall, a fantastic amount of credit was used, and destroyed, in stock speculation, both on margin and on bank loans, and in real estate speculation—in other words, purchasing power in America was being distributed through gambling profits. The boom in securities and real property was blatant, while industrial progress showed little or no sign of extravagant exuberance.

CAN IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

It was the collapse of this speculative boom that wrecked world recovery. Why did it collapse is what we want to know next. Was that wag who said that some bankers got scared not far wrong? We know that many American banks were heavily committed in Germany and other European countries, and were naturally alarmed about the growing evidences of bad temper on the part of their debtors, as likely to lead to political difficulties and perhaps a fresh outbreak of war. Moreover, the shutting down of American foreign lending, largely due to the domestic boom, after lending had been conducted with imprudent freedom, was making it difficult for the debtor countries to pay their way; and when Wall Street left off booming and American purchasing power was thus reduced, there came the beginning of that tumble in commodity prices from which we have only partially recovered, and which reduced so many countries and producers to, and sometimes over, the verge of bankruptcy. For these reasons it appears that the real cause of the collapse was the American gamble in securities and real property, combined with the continuance of the war fever in Europe, and the effects of American foreign lending, suddenly stopped. In fact, America not only stopped lending abroad, but sucked in money from all the impoverished world in order to finance the Wall Street boom while it lasted, and then, when it collapsed, threw securities on the British and European markets, and so made the collapse the most complete and world-wide that has ever been seen.

Are these causes again going to produce collapse? War fever in Europe looks almost like a hardy perennial; but it is, we may hope, more feverish in expression than in intention. As to the possibility of speculative boom in America, on anything like the mad scale that it reached in 1928, it seems that the measures taken by Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers are a sure safeguard against it. The article quoted from above points out that the volume of credit absorbed by speculation is already successfully controlled. "Neither in brokers' loans nor in bank collateral loans—both subject to rigid control—is there any vestige of credit excess." The writer, indeed, thinks that "we could have a bull market on a full cash basis." Perhaps, but the dangers of such a bull market are very different from those of the previous period, when every typist and office-boy was "playing the market" on margin. Here, also, as we know, speculative credit is carefully controlled and markets are well purged at every account. There is thus good reason for the belief that all these gloomy forecasts, based on the analogy of 1929, are built on a false foundation.



THE PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE HOME OFFICE DEMONSTRATES AN AIR-RAID PRECAUTION: MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD DONNING A GAS-MASK WHEN OPENING THE GOVERNMENT FACTORY FOR ASSEMBLING GAS-MASK CONTAINERS AT BLACKBURN.



WHERE CONTAINERS ARE BEING MADE FOR 30,000,000 GAS-MASKS TO BE ISSUED FREE BY THE GOVERNMENT TO THE CIVILIAN POPULATION IN CASE OF AIR RAIDS: ONE OF THE WOMEN EMPLOYED AT THE BLACKBURN FACTORY WEARING A COMPLETED GAS-MASK.

On January 12 Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Home Office, opened the Government factory at Blackburn for mass production of gas-mask containers, for the Air-Raid Precautions Department. It already employs 360 people, mainly young women. At least 30,000,000 containers will be made there. Mr. Lloyd said that, if needed, the gas-masks would be issued free to everyone in danger, and would stop every poison gas known to the Government usable in war. In a subsequent broadcast he said that he had worn one (for testing purposes) several times in special gas chambers containing lethal concentrations of poison gas, without ill effects. The components of a gas-mask are a light metal container filled with "activated charcoal," several pieces of gauze wire, a thick wad of cotton wool, layers of muslin, metal springs, and a rubber mask or face-piece into which the container is fixed. The gas-masks will be stored in local depots all over the country.

too much alarm about a hypothetical boom is the surest way of making a slump inevitable. So far, then, we have seen high authority, for the belief that



Near Watford, Hertfordshire

This England

SLOW are the waters of this sweet green isle, enriching the lovely lowlands as they pass to their fulfilment in the sea. The people, too, move slowly to achieve their ends, and in this slow surety make many things the richer by the way. Even in urgent matters like the brewing of good beer a greater richness comes of slow maturing—as any glass of Worthington will prove.



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Yes, there is also snow in France, deep, powdery snow for those who love to ski, and ice rinks for skaters, and slopes for tobogganers, and clear fragrant air as refreshing as champagne, and a wide blue sky . . .

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Put on your sports costume, take the train, and the very next day you will be in France, the land of radiant snow and sun which is so near—and where your money goes so much farther. Ask for the free illustrated Winter sports booklet at:

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WINTER SPORTS IN
FRANCE
IT'S NEARER!.. IT'S CHEAPER!..

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ACCORDING to reports received from France and Germany, the best sporting events held on the Continent will be founded on the British competitions for 1500-c.c. sports cars—semi-racing machines as compared with the Grand Prix type of speed automobile. Rumour says that Mr. R. B. Seaman, one of England's noted racing drivers, has agreed to form one of the Mercedes racing team, with Rudolf Caracciola and Herr Lang. Also that Herr von Stuck, who made many records last year for the Auto-Union German combination, is changing over to race one of the latest 1500-c.c. six-cylinder Maserati cars. Also that Count Trossi and Signor Gino Rovere are forming a motor-racing stable—a *scuderia*, the Italians call it—to run 1500-c.c. Maserati cars in many competitions. Delahaye cars will compete in the sports-car races this year, as they did in the Tourist Trophy and other events in 1936. A sporting racing organisation to run these cars, called the "Écurie Bleu," has been formed, in which René Dreyfus, Louis Schell, and R. Carrière are the principal drivers. M. Schell is the leading spirit of this French motor-racing stable, and may take part in the Grand



A MOTORIST TAKING ADVANTAGE OF WINTER SUNSHINE: AN M.G. "MIDGET" (SERIES "T", PRICED AT £222) IN THE COUNTRY.

Prix of Pau for sports cars. Another car competing in that event will be the French Talbot, driven by Albert Divo, who is well known to English motor-racing folk, as he drove a Sunbeam in one of the post-war car races in the Isle of Man.

With the new road circuit being built at the Crystal Palace, and another being projected near Southport for North Country sportsmen, there will be ample opportunities for amateurs to indulge in racing their sports cars, in addition to those well-established meetings at Brooklands and Donnington Park. The Palatine Sports Club, with Mr. O. Wade as the track manager, proposes to develop a 2½-miles' course, as foretold by the editor of the *Autocar* last November. This new road circuit is to be at Greaves Hall Estate, Banks, about four miles north-east of Southport, forty miles from Manchester, and about twenty-three miles from Liverpool. The course is to have a minimum road width of 30 ft., and to include three hairpin corners, as well as faster and more open bends connecting three 500-yard parallel "straights." The present Hall is to be the club-house and a residential hotel.

Lord Nuffield's customers for M.G. cars had an excellent year in various races and competitions in 1936. Privately-owned M.G. cars won twenty-four races in various parts of the world, and 25 per cent. of the races run on the Brooklands track. Among the events won by these cars were the Australian Tourist Trophy and Centenary 100 Miles; Limerick and Phoenix Park, Dublin, races; the 1100 c.c. Grand Prix of France; the Grand Prix of Frontières; the South African 100 Miles; and the Locke-King Trophy at Brooklands. In hill climbs and trials organised by the various motor clubs, all Morris products gave a good display of their reliability at speed, Wolseley "Wasp," Morris "Minor," as well as the larger models, having won prizes. In the recent half-day Berwick M.C. Trial, when snow made the course very difficult, Mr. Leslie Robson accomplished an excellent run on Ford Moss Hill in his Morris-Cowley, which is quite an ancient warrior now, where many others failed. This, it must be admitted, was a really remarkable achievement.

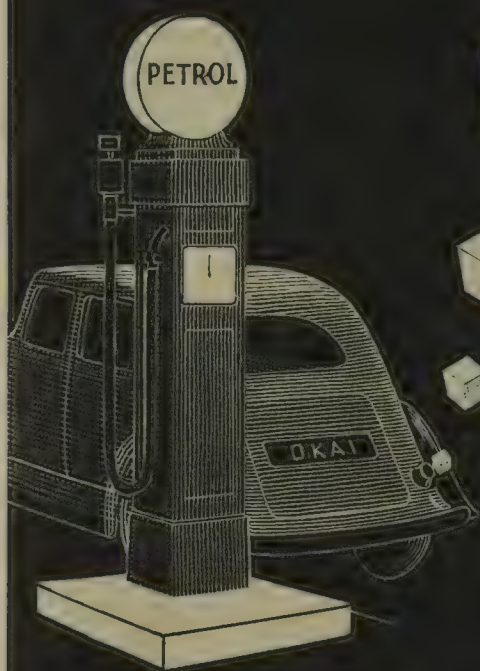


EXPLORING ENGLAND'S LESS-KNOWN SPLENDOURS BY MOTOR-CAR: A VAUXHALL "FOURTEEN" OUTSIDE SALMSBURY HALL, AN EXTREMELY PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE, ON THE BLACKBURN-PRESTON ROAD, WHICH DATES BACK TO 1325.

Banish "Overnight Corrosion"



MAKES "OLD" ENGINES YOUNG
KEEPS "NEW" ENGINES NEW



THEY PAY FOR THEMSELVES—AGAIN AND AGAIN

NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE LAND OF THE NILE AND THE PYRAMIDS.

THERE is no land that is so utterly different from every other land as the land of Egypt. It is just this which makes it so difficult for one to convey an adequate idea of its charm. Much-travelled folk may think they have a fairly good notion of what Egypt is and is not, but I feel quite sure they would be immensely surprised, and very pleasantly so, with the reality. You cannot take from Egypt one commanding feature—the Nile, the Desert, or the Pyramids, and the many other marvellous antiquities of this ancient and amazing Land of the Pharaohs—and present it as typical of the attractiveness of the land; it is the extraordinary combination of these features which fascinates and enthral one. A mighty river of gleaming waters, its banks studded with some of the most stupendous statuary ever carved by man, and dating back to days when Europe was in the Neolithic Age, flows through trackless desert of ever-changing hue—golden in the early morn, dazzling during the heat of the day, fired with a rosy glow in the setting sun, and irradiated with a silvery sheen in the moon's pale light, always mysterious, inscrutable; such is Egypt.

Egypt witnessed civilisation's dawn. Before the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C., the country had known no fewer than thirty-one dynasties of rulers. Three of these—Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus—built the Second and Third Pyramids of Gizeh during the 4th Dynasty; and when, during the 19th Dynasty, the Hall of Columns at Karnak, and the temples at Abydos, Memphis, and Abu Simbel were being built, the Pyramids were already in their third thousand of years. Then, in Alexandria, Egypt has its record of Roman rule, in "Pompey's Pillar," and the basement of the Serapeum, where, in a temple devoted to the cult of Serapis, the far-famed Cleopatra, mistress in turn of Julius Cæsar and of Mark Antony, once worshipped. Cairo, founded by Jauhar el-Kaid, conqueror of Egypt for the Fatimite Caliph El-Moziz, in A.D. 968, and named by him El-Kahira, "the Victorious," has magnificent mosques, tombs of the Mamelukes, and a great citadel, commenced by Saladin

when he became Sultan of Egypt, in 1176, which dominates the city. When one hears the voice of the muezzin calling

from a thousand minarets in Cairo, at the hour when sunset bathes the city in rose and gold, one realises that the Egypt of to-day is under the rule of Islam.

Both in Alexandria and in Cairo there is a very modern side to life. In the former city, in the business quarter, there are handsome thoroughfares and fine shops, luxurious houses, standing in spacious gardens, a magnificent drive and promenade, three miles long, by the sea, a good bathing beach, yachting and rowing clubs, and an excellent Sporting Club. Cairo is indeed a city of contrasts, for it has winding narrow streets, lined with shops and houses of typically Eastern style, spacious boulevards which remind one of Paris, splendid public buildings, and hotels renowned the world over for their luxury. Social life is one of peculiar charm, and as for sport, good tennis is to be had at the Sporting Club, the golf-course is an attractive one, with grass greens, and there is also the lure of the Gezireh racecourse. And from Cairo one goes, by one of the luxuriously-appointed steamers of the Thos. Cook and Son Nile steamer service, to see the Egypt of the Nile—the glories of Karnak, of Memphis, and of Luxor, fascinating scenes of river life, and the strange and elusive panorama of the great desert, and to rest awhile, perchance, in one of the magnificent hotels of Luxor or Assuan, and enjoy to the full the sunny, health-giving climate of Egypt, which is probably as near to perfection as possible.

Never was there a time more propitious for a winter holiday in Egypt than the present, for, thanks to the combination of steamship lines with services from this country to Egyptian ports, the Egyptian railway, and the Egyptian Government, arrangements have been made whereby visitors from this country to Egypt this winter will have the very great advantage of a hotel reduction on the usual winter prices of from ten to twenty per cent., and not only on rooms and meals, but also on refreshments, and other extras, whilst transport charges to, from, and in Egypt will be so greatly reduced that it will be possible to take a three weeks' trip to Egypt, with ten days in Cairo, at a total cost of about £50, or a sixty-days' tour, including an eight-days' cruise in a Nile steamer, at an inclusive cost of about £80. To those of us who remember the cost of an Egyptian tour once upon a time, this seems little short of a marvel.



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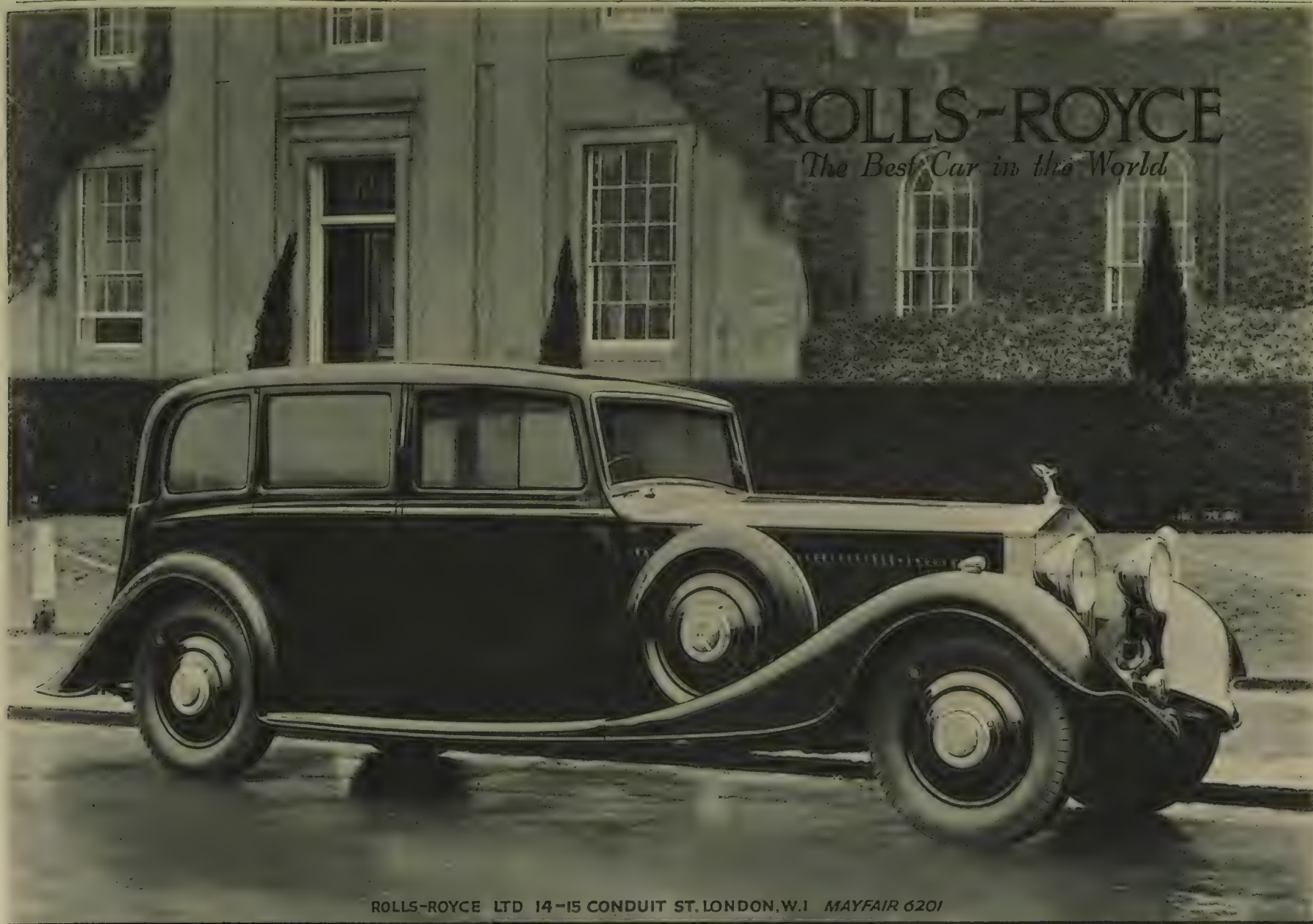
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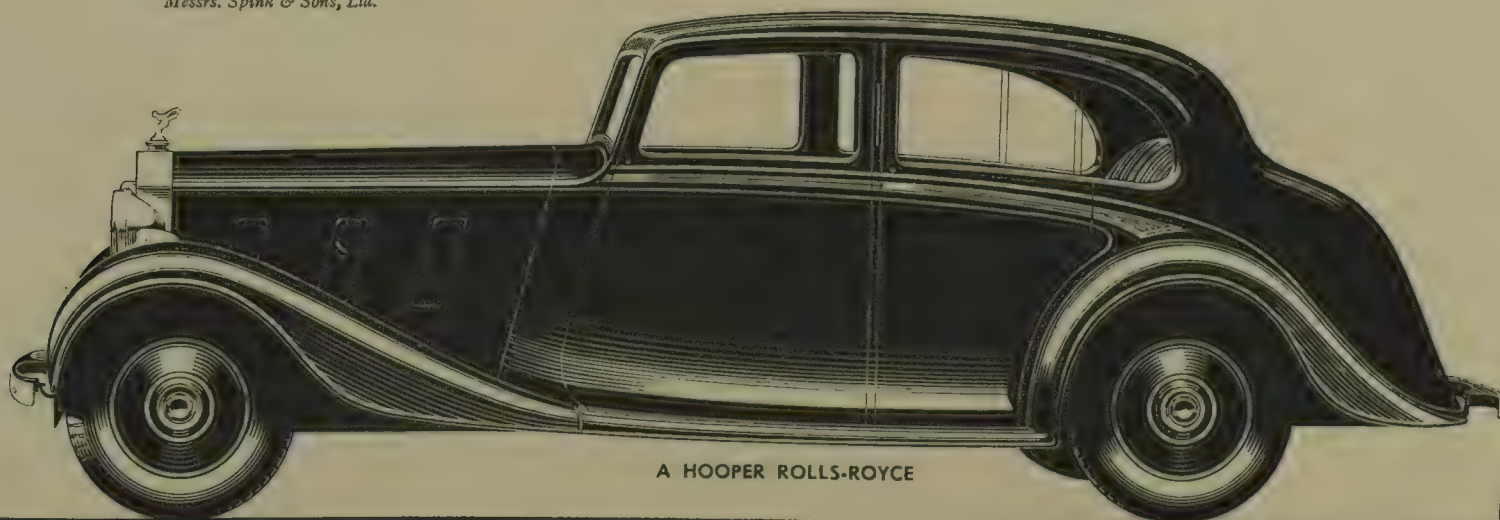


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Of Interest to Women.



Fashions for the Spring.

Spring will see a new fashion trend, which may be summed up in the words "graceful simplicity." That does not mean that beautiful materials in lovely colour schemes will be eliminated from dresses for evening wear; cut, however, will be all important. Peeresses' robes are being shown in the salons of the great dressmakers; emphasis must be laid on the fact that they must be correct in every detail, and that jewellery be worn with the utmost discretion. Lorgnettes are returning to favour; a new note is struck in those that take the form of a clip. Heirlooms are used for this purpose, while Hamblin, Wigmore Street, are supplying the correct glasses, naturally in accordance with an ophthalmic surgeon's prescription.

Lace for the Evening.

No question about it, lace will be as fashionable as ever for evening wear. It may be that the reason for this is that so many women need dresses that may be easily packed, now that the "week-end" sojourn from home is more or less of an institution. To Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, must be given the credit of the dress on the left; it is carried out in black lace with a "frond" leaf pattern. The cost of the same is sixteen guineas. Naturally there are less expensive affairs, some with coatees and others with the cape shoulder wrap. Here are likewise to be seen lovely dresses in a new lamé that have been created for important social functions destined to take place during the ensuing months.

"Whiskered" and "Lichen" Silk.

It was under the chaperonage of Debenham and Freebody that "whiskered" silk made its début last season; it will be recalled that it washes and wears extremely well. To-day there are dresses of it for 69s. 6d., those accompanied with coatees being 98s. 6d.; it seems almost unnecessary to add that fashion's newest notes are represented in them. A fabric that makes its début this month is "lichen" silk. It suggests a ribbed silk with a pattern that is reminiscent of the manner in which this moss grows. It is this material that has been used for the frock at the base of this page on the right. With the crêpe-de-Chine scarf, in many sizes and pastel colourings, it is 89s. 6d. Illustrations of other designs would gladly be sent on application, together with other materials.

For Cruising.

Although the fashions on this page are primarily destined for cruising, they are equally appropriate for summer wear. The ensemble (for the rather older woman) at the top of the page on the right is a downright gilt-edge investment for 98s. 6d.; it is of a fine honeycomb fabric, and is available in grey, woven to suggest black and white, and many pastel shades. It consists of a dress arranged with a pleated jabot and abbreviated sleeves, a crochet-string belt, and dice buttons. As will be noticed, the coat is seven-eighths length. Those in a position to speak authoritatively predict a very successful career for models of this kind. The suit below it consists of dress and coat, of which one may become the possessor for 6½ guineas. The fount of inspiration for the embroidery on this linen suit is the lines on the railway. Note the sleeves, as they indelibly label this affair spring and summer, 1937, or the Coronation year of King George VI. and Queen, Elizabeth.

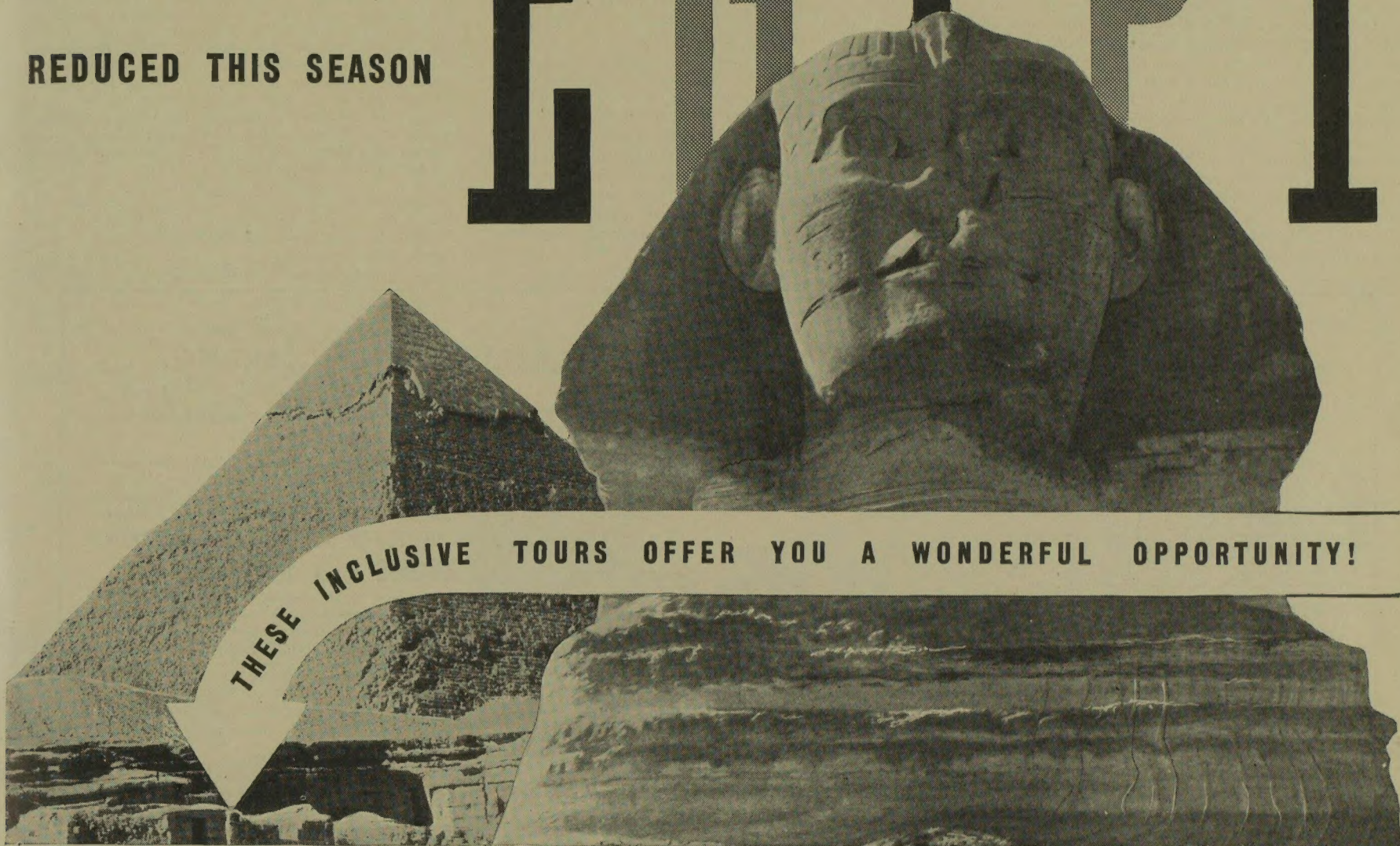


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- 24th day Alexandria and embark.
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

"SALOMÉ," AT COVENT GARDEN.

IT is a strange experience to hear Richard Strauss's once much-discussed "Salomé" again, after an interval of many years. When it was first performed at Dresden, in 1905, it created an enormous sensation, which still persisted when I heard it first in Dresden in 1908. Of course, much of the excitement caused was due to the subject matter of Oscar Wilde's play, but we are not so easily disturbed nowadays.

The opera had the advantage on this revival of an excellent cast, with Herr Knappertsbusch brought over specially from Munich to conduct. Herr Knappertsbusch is one of the best conductors in Germany at the present time, and he thoroughly understands Strauss. Consequently, the performance had the certainty of effect and the vitality which this opera needs, and in Mme. Hildagarde Ranczak we heard a Salomé who was capable of acting and singing the part effectively. That very able bass, Paul Schoeffler, was an impressive Jokanaan, and it suffices to say that the Herodias was sung by Sabine Kalter to know that this part could hardly have been bettered. A newcomer in Gunnar Graard, another addition to the ranks of eminent Scandinavian operatic singers, gave a superb performance as Herod, so nothing was lacking to make this production most impressive.

Unfortunately, it is becoming every year clearer that Richard Strauss, in spite of his quite extraordinary technical equipment, never gets beyond a brilliant surface. "Salomé" is extremely "healthy" and non-morbid music, in spite of all its noise and vehemence. In fact, the musical substance is practically the same as that of "Der Rosenkavalier," except that

Strauss's luscious and rather undistinguished tunes are, in "Salomé"—in the "Dance of the Veils," for example—so covered up with orchestral effects that their effectiveness is lost. As for making one's flesh creep, or giving one a shiver down the spine, this is the very last thing Strauss is capable of doing.

W. J. TURNER.

"THE LILY MAID," AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

MR. RUTLAND BOUGHTON'S score is always melodious and easy to listen to, but never once does it excite one's emotions. He has, too, handicapped himself by writing an undistinguished "book," lacking action or drama. The Arthurian episode he has chosen for his "poem" tells of Lancelot's flight, for honour's sake, from Guenevre, and his first meeting with Elaine. When he is recalled to the service of Guenevre, the struggle between love and duty should have been poignant, but it failed of its effect. The chorus of minstrels, strictly segregated into sexes, and seated on either side of the stage, with the intent to point the moral and adorn the tale, was not very satisfactory. The intention was that they should act in part as narrator, and in part reveal the thoughts of Lancelot, torn between his two loves. In theory this may have been an excellent idea, but in practice, while the voices of the chorus were full of harmonious sound, their words made little sense. It also had the additional defect of holding up what little action there was. Mr. Arthur Fear and Miss Sybil Evers sang brilliantly as Lancelot and Elaine, and Mr. Frederick Woodhouse got a much-needed touch of humanity into the rôle of Hod, a serving-man.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued.)

Having already, I think, overstepped my limits of space, I will now give a little library list of kindred works designed to popularise scientific knowledge, namely, "YOU AND THE UNIVERSE." Modern Physics for Everybody. By Paul Karlson. Translated by Bernard Miall. With 165 Sketches by W. Petersen, and eight Plates (Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.); "COSMIC RAYS—THUS FAR." By Harvey Brace Lemon, Professor of Physics, University of Chicago. With Foreword by Arthur Holley Compton. Drawings by Chichi Lasley (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.); and an interesting historical work on mediæval pseudo-science—"PRELUDE TO CHEMISTRY." An Outline of Alchemy. Its Literature and Relationships. By John Read, F.R.S. With over 100 Illustrations (Bell; 12s. 6d.).

One branch of Science—anthropology—is represented by a particularly attractive and valuable little book by a scientist of high repute, entitled "STONE AGE IN AFRICA." An Outline of Prehistory in Africa. By L. S. B. Leakey. Based on the Munro Lectures at Edinburgh in February 1936 (Oxford University Press; Humphrey Milford; 7s. 6d.).

To the kindred science of archæology belong two small popular works that will appeal strongly to the intelligent tourist in Italy and Britain respectively. One is "POMPEII." By R. C. Carrington. With twenty-four Plates, and twenty-one other Illustrations (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 10s. 6d.). The other is "THE GREAT WALL OF HADRIAN IN ROMAN TIMES." An attempt to reconstruct some of the frontier buildings erected at Hadrian's command between the Tyne and the Solway. By Paul Brown. With Drawings and Plans by the Author and Constance Whyte; and Foreword by Parker Brewis, F.S.A., and Eric Birley, F.S.A. New and Revised Edition. Illustrated (Heath Cranton, Ltd.; 3s. 6d.). For military purposes the Roman Wall is no longer required. May the day soon arrive when all frontier defences will be equally superfluous!

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IT will be remembered that a year ago Japan began what is to be a regular practice in issuing a special postage stamp for New Year greetings. The posting of such greetings creates an embarrassing peak time in the Post Office, and, with Oriental ingenuity, the annual stamp is intended to ease the rush. It is sold for some weeks in advance, and letters posted bearing this stamp proceed to the post office of delivery, but are there held up for New Year's Day. This year's stamp is in an intriguing little design showing the sacred wedded rocks Myoto-iwa, near the seaside resort of Futamigaura. These rocks, about 18 ft. apart, are tied together by a straw rope as seen on the stamp.



JAPAN: THE NEW YEAR GREETING STAMP.

A few more scenes in old Danzig appear on the latest charity set. Five values, showing: 10 pfennig, the Milk-can Gate; 15 pf., Ladies' Gate and Observatory; 25 pf., the Crane Gate; 40 pf., Langgarter Gate; and 50 pf., High Gate.

The French stamp-printing office has stopped the printing of the Paris Exposition stamps criticised in this page last October. The French public would not stand for such puerilities.

The winter charity series from Austria brings a group of six excellently engraved portraits of celebrated inventors and technical experts. Professor Dachauer designed and Ferdinand Lorber engraved the dies. The portraits are all of newcomers to the philatelist's portrait gallery. They are: 12 groschen sepia, Josef Ressel, of screw-propeller fame; 24 groschen violet, Karl Ritter von Ghega, engineer of the Semmerling railway; 30 groschen carmine, Josef Wernld, maker of firearms; 40 groschen slate-blue, Carl Freiherr Auer von Welsbach, of the incandescent mantle; 60 groschen ultramarine, Robert von Lieben, inventor of the amplifying tube; 64 groschen green, Viktor Kaplan, of the turbine engine.



AUSTRIA: A PORTRAIT OF VON GHEGA, THE ENGINEER.

The three upright stamps issued last summer to mark the inclusion of Ethiopia in the Italian Colonial Empire are now supplemented by four values with the longer dimension horizontal. They show the head and shoulders of King Victor Emmanuel III. set against various Abyssinian scenes. The values are: 10 centesimi yellow-brown, 20c. violet, 75c. orange, and 1.25 lire blue.

The fourth Spanish-American Postal Congress has given Panama the opportunity of issuing an elaborate panorama of scenes on new stamps of the American Bank Note Company's manufacture. They are large stamps for use in a hot climate! There are fourteen of them, the best of which, in my opinion, is the portrait of Bolivar on the 5 centesimos blue. My illustration, however, is a very fine piece of engraving showing the national Pollera dress. The frame is just rather heavy for the delicate picture.



PANAMA: THE NATIONAL POLLERA DRESS.

The collectors who bought so eagerly the Silver Jubilee stamps of King George V. in 1935 will probably delight to add a handsome set issued in Zanzibar. The Sultan, Seyyid Khalifa bin Harub, acceded to the Throne in December 1911, and it was one of the early acts of King George VI. to promote him from K.C.M.G. to G.C.M.G. On the stamps, his portrait, finely engraved and printed in black, has as a background an Arab door, the frame colours being 10 cents bronze-green, 20 cents purple, 30 cents blue, and 50 cents orange.



ZANZIBAR: THE SULTAN'S SILVER JUBILEE.

A short set of three rather large stamps that will appeal to many beyond the philatelic community marks the ratification of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty concluded last August. Printed by photogravure at the Survey Office, Cairo, they present the historic scene in the Foreign Office, London, of the



EGYPT: THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TREATY.

signing of the Treaty. Mr. Anthony Eden, presiding, thus adds to the rare company of British citizens pictured on stamps. The stamps have been issued this month and are only to be available for two months.

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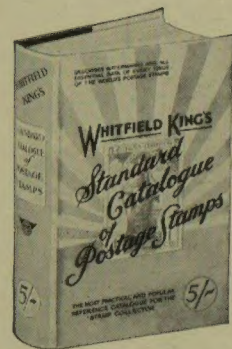
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